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BITUMINOUS COAL RATE FIXED AT $2 AT MINE

President Wilson Issues Drastic Order to Operators.

PRESENT MINE RATE $5

Schedule of Rates Established for Every State—Retailers Prices Also to be Regulated—Anthracite Coal Comes Next.

Under authority vested in him by a recent Act of Congress, President Wilson on Tuesday night, at Washington, issued an order fixing the price of bituminous coal for every mine in the United States. The highest rate that may be charged at any bituminous mine in Pennsylvania is fixed by the President at $2 per ton. This rate is also fixed for a number of other States, notably Maryland, West Virginia, Virginia and Ohio. Alabama, Indiana and Illinois are given a maximum rate of $1.95. The highest rate allowed is that of $3.25 for Washington State.

The $2 rate fixed for Pennsylvania, Maryland, West Virginia, Virginia and Ohio is for run of the mine coal. For prepared sizes the rate in the States mentioned is fixed at $2.25. For slack or screenings the rate is fixed at $1.75.

Seemingly the bituminous operators had a pretty clear idea as to the time fixed for the President's announcement for on Tuesday, some few hours before the price-fixing order was given out at Washington, the operators advanced the price at the mine from $4.25 to $5 per ton. Earlier on Tuesday, however, sales were made by operators at $4.25. One year ago bituminous coal sold at the mine at $1.75.

The next step to be taken by the President, it was announced, will be to regulate the charges to be made by middle-men and retailers. Not until this is done will the consumer be able to learn what price he will have to pay during the approaching winter.

Anthracite coal rates will also be reduced by the President, probably in the next few days. In the last year anthracite coal has advanced about one-third and something like a corresponding reduction is anticipated. Some, however, believe that the reduction will not be quite so great.

Local-coal dealers say that they have no more information on probable prices for the future than has the consumer and will not have until the President announces retail rates. The local yards will not, however, retail at prices in proportion to a $2 rate at the mine until a $2 rate actually exists. In other words, the coal bought by them prior to the President's rate-fixing order must be disposed of at rates in proportion. Meanwhile dealers, large and small, will undertake to readjust their affairs to the new order of things. Few dealers have any large supply of coal on hand, most of them having held off on stocking up in anticipation of some action by the government. One year ago anthracite coal retailed at the local yards at $6.50, whereas today it sells at $7.80. Bituminous coal, run of the mine, retailed one year ago at about $2.85, as compared with $6.50 today.

Joseph L. Montgomery, of the Bellefonte Fuel & Supply Co., had this to say of the rate-fixing order :

"So far as the Bellefonte Fuel & Supply Co. is concerned we not only approve but welcome the action of the President. We will also welcome regulation of retail rates. Just as soon as the rate established by the government prevails at the mines retail rates will be adjusted accordingly. The action of the President insures reasonable prices and at the same time enables the retailer to care for the needs of the community."

John S. Walker, of McCalmont & Co., said :

"The $2 rate established by order of the President would seem to be fair to both operator and miners. Personally I view it with the fullest approval."

Harry Winton, of H. Winton & Son, said :

"As a retailer I am glad that the government has fixed prices that will enable me to sell to the consumer at a reasonable figure. As a citizen I have nothing but words of approval for what the government has done in the matter."

36 Nabbed for Speeding.

In the last few days State police have nabbed 36 automobilists for violating the 24 mile per hour speed limit on the State road between Bellefonte and Lock Haven.

Read "The Republican." $1.50 a year

EXEMPTION DECISIONS

Of 24 Claims Considered by County Board 21 are Allowed and 3 Rejected.

The Centre County Exemption Board yesterday examined and disposed of 24 claims, allowing 21 and rejecting 3, as follows :

ALLOWED

Thomas E. Shaffer, Erick Marks, Mike J. Klapik, Frank Gakuboski, Harry Rayson, David A. Deitrick, Wm. Henry Holter, Clarence W. Kifer, John Ellis, Lytle R. Parks, Boyd L. Lucas, Wm. R. Stoner, Malcolm L. Spicer, George H. Sager, Wm. D. Guyer, Fred E. Meyer, Martin Seprich, Paul Pielock, Harry I. Kershner, J. Lee Vonada, Orlando Beals.

REFUSED

Douglas L. Brooks, Wm. J. Bowen, Neil Shaw.

Of the 21 claims for exemption allowed all were for dependency causes except that of David A. Deitrick, who is a student of divinity.

READY FOR PRIMARIES

Time for Filing Petitions Expired Wednesday—Some Hot Contests.

Wednesday was the last day for filing nomination petitions for the primaries on September 19th. Contests in a number of sections for local offices are foreshadowed.

For Jury Commissioners the present members, John D. Decker, Republican, and J. A. Emerick, Democratic, are up for renomination. A. C. Ripka, of Centre Hall, is also out for Democratic nomination. W. Goss is seeking Republican nomination.

The merriest contest of all promises to be that for tax collector in Bellefonte. There are seven candidates in the field. For the Republican nomination they are Maurice J. Kelley, Horace Musser, R. B. Montgomery and Harry Badger. For the Democratic nomination they are J. Kennedy Johnston, present collector; John M. Keichline and John J. Bower.

For Council in Bellefonte the candidates are : W. H. Brouse and J. C. Jodon, Republican, and J. M. Cunningham, Democratic, West Ward; H. P. Harris, Republican, and E. H. Richard, Republican and Democratic, North Ward; James D. Seibert, Republican, and Wm. H. Doll, Democratic South Ward.

For School Director in Bellefonte petitions have been filed for Dr. M. J. Locke and M. R. Johnson.

Justice of the Peace G. W. Rees, Republican, has filed a petition and has no opposition for Republican nomination in the South and West Wards.

Some Fight for Burgess.

Sometime ago Edmund Blanchard, of Bellefonte, was thinking about withdrawing from the coming contest to succeed himself. He finally got his thinking cap on and the result is he has filed his papers and is again an avowed candidate. His friends contending that he has "made good" urged that he again be a candidate.

Along comes Harrison Walker with ambition to again become Burgess. He also has filed his petitions and may be the Democratic nominee. Years ago both Mr. Blanchard and Mr. Walker had a whirlwind campaign for this office and at that time there was "something doing" Both candidates are good fellows and the race this time will be of a more friendly character. Their names will be on both party tickets at the primaries which will be somewhat of a deviation from the regular custom. It places both gentlemen on their merits and gives voters a chance to go the limit. This will not materially affect the result after the primaries unless there should be a stampede for either man. That would settle the business right there. There is hardly a doubt but at the coming election in November one of them will be elected without spending the Burgess' salary.

Red Cross Festival.

The Pleasant Gap Auxiliary of the Red Cross will hold a festival in Noll's grove, at Pleasant Gap, next Saturday evening, to which the public is cordially invited. During the evening the Pleasant Gap and Lemont brass bands will unite and furnish music. The proceeds will be devoted to purchasing additional materials for the making of bandages, etc. Let there be a large attendance.

Infantile Paralysis.

Dr. John W. Gordon, of Clearfield, who has friends in Bellefonte, in making his professional rounds Friday in that progressive town found a case of infantile paralysis at the home of Charles Kessler. The victim of the attack is a little girl three years of age who was just recovering from scarlet fever. There are several other children in the family and every effort is being made to isolate the case.

DRAFT BOARD SLOWLY FILLING COUNTY QUOTA

Dependency Causes Eliminating Many from Military Service.

ALLOTMENT IS NOW 117

Examinations Resumed Wednesday for New Groups of 198—Additional Exemption Claims Considered; 21 Approved and 3 Rejected.

Examinations for Centre countians drafted for military service were resumed yesterday, about forty men having been summoned to appear before the County Exemption Board. A like number have been directed to appear today. All told the group summoned for examination in the next few days numbers 198.

Centre County's allotment for the first army has been fixed at 117. Word to this effect was received on Tuesday by Sheriff Yarnell, chairman of the Exemption Board. This is an increase of one from the official allotment announced last week.

Several drafted men were examined on Tuesday. One was a transfer for examination from Dauphin county, the young man being located at State College. He was rejected because of physical defects. Clayton J. Watson, one of the five who failed to appear for examination last week, showed up on Tuesday. He is employed in the Scootac section, being engaged as a mine foreman. He claimed that he had not received formal notice to appear in time and only came into possession of the letter late last week. He stated that the delay was due to the fact that his address for receiving mail is Snow Shoe, whereas his post office address according to his registration card is Moshannon. He was subjected to physical examination and when this revealed that he had no physical defects that would bar him from military service he was informed that by reason of his failure to appear when summoned he had been marked up as accepted for service and that the record would have to stand in that shape.

ACCEPTED

Cyrus Martin Stover
Edward K. Hibshman
A. E. Shirk
Edwin A. Lebkicher
Claude L. Whitehill
Thomas McNish
Harry B. Watson
Thomas A. Richards
James Richard Garman
M. Thomas Bowes
Charles E. Frank
Boyd Leroy Friday
John E. Ertle
John Koshko
John Nelson
Archey James Laird
Philip James Shaw
Lloyd C. Shuey
George Franklin Jackson
Adolph Carl Laich
Oliver B. Shawver
John B. Scheerer (New Hampshire)

DISCHARGED

George Wm. Wolf
Albert Edward Wolf
John B. Agan
Fred B. Righter
William Blain Port
Samuel A. Robison
George S. Kellerman
Olyn Biddle Musser
Oscar Carlson
Harry Swimmer
Samuel H. Pletcher
D. Paul Wetzel
Harry Oliver Yarnell

Paul J. Tate, (U. S. Mail Service; exempt)

Rev. George Prentice (exempt)

A Free Offer.

Through the kindness of Congressman Charles H Rowland we have received one hundred or more pamphlets entitled "Home Canning by The One-Period Coldpack Method." In other words it contains a large number of receipts for the proper way of canning vegetables. They will be sent to anyone by simply dropping us a card or calling in person. Remember, those who come first will be first served. They are yours as long as they last.

Troopers Ready to Leave.

Troop L is getting things in readiness to start for Augusta, Ga., almost any day. Various units of the Pennsylvania National Guard are now at Augusta, and others are entraining for that point each day. It will likely take a month for all of the Pennsylvania guardsmen to be landed at Camp Hancock.

JUDGE QUIGLEY DECIDES AGAINST CENTRE COUNTY

Says State Need Not Maintain Two College Twp. Bridges.

COUNTY TO PAY COSTS

Commonwealth is Sustained in Suit to Determine Liability for Repairing Two Bridges Forming Part of State Highways.

Judge Quigley on Monday handed down an opinion in which he holds that Centre County and not the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania is liable for the repair and maintenance of two bridges in College township. The question of liability has been in controversy for some years, the two bridges in question being a part of a highway taken over by the State under the provisions of the Sproul law. Deputy Attorney General William H. Keller, of Lancaster, appeared for the Commonwealth when the case was argued recently before Judge Quigley. He was assisted by his brother, Harry Keller, of this place. N. B. Spangler and former Judge Orvis appeared for the Centre County Commissioners. Had Judge Quigley ruled in favor of Centre County in all likelihood the case would have been appealed to the Supreme Court. It is not likely that the Centre County Commissioners will appeal. Judge Quigley's opinion and decree follows :

"The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania prays that a peremptory mandamus may issue commanding the Commissioners of Centre county to repair two certain bridges along what is known as Route 36 of the system of State highways as defined and described in the Act of May 31st, 1911, said bridges being immediately west of the village of Lemont, Centre county, one of which is over Slab Cabin Branch of Spring Creek.

"It is admitted that these two bridges are in bad and unsafe condition and repair, and are unsafe and insufficient to accommodate the public with the usual means of travel, and that said bridges are necessary for the safe and convenient travel of the public in, along and over said highway.

"It is also admitted that the part of Route 56 between Lemont and State College is laid out over what was formerly known as the Agricultural College and Junction Turnpike road, and that the same was duly condemned by proceedings in the Quarter Sessions of this county entered to No. 2 December sessions 1907, the final decree of condemnation having been entered January 27th, 1908, and the damages assessed thereunder having been paid by the county.

"It is also admitted that at the time of the passage of the Act of May 31st, 1911, aforesaid, no duty or responsibility rested upon the supervisors of College township to build, repair or maintain the said bridges, or either of them.

"The question before us is whether the burden of repairing and putting in good order and condition these two bridges is upon the Board of Commissioners of Centre county or upon the Highway Department of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

"As we view it the recent case of Commonwealth of Pennsylvania ex rel. vs. Bird, appellant, 253 Pa. State, page 364, controls this case.

"Judge Maxwell there held that the burden of building and maintaining county bridges that were located upon the State highways under the Act of May 31st, 1911, was upon the county.

"The defendants urge that the difference in the nature of the bridges raises a distinction; that the bridge involved in the Bird case was established as a county bridge by proceedings under the 35th section of the Act of June 13th, 1836, while the bridges in question were not so established but reverted to the county upon condemnation of the turnpike and because of the fact that they were not formally declared county bridges under the Act of 1836 ingeniously argue that there is a clear distinction. In effect they argue that a county bridge within the meaning of the Act is one that is created by due process of law and requires the joint action and approval of three different bodies, viz : The Grand Jury, the Court of Quarter Sessions, and the County Commissioners, and unless so created they should not be treated as county bridges.

"By the Acts of April 20, 1905, (P. L. 237), April 25, 1907, (P. L. 104), and March 15, 1911, (P. L. 21), the repair and maintenance of the road, including these bridges between Lemont and State College, formerly the Agricultural College and Junction Turnpike Road, rested at the passage and approval of the Sproul Act of May 31st, 1911, upon the County of Centre, and this being the case the bridges in question were to all intents and purposes county bridges.

"If this is a proper conclusion, and we think it is, the duty of the county to maintain these bridges is clear under the ruling in Commonwealth vs. Bird (supra), part of which we quote as follows: "The duty to maintain a bridge forming part of a State highway built under the Act of May 31st, 1911, (P. L. 468), rests upon the county and not the Commonwealth where the duty to maintain it rested upon the county at the time of the passage of the Act, and mandamus will properly issue against the County Commissioners to compel them to construct and maintain a suitable bridge."

"And now, August 18, 1917, judgement is entered for the Commonwealth and against Centre County, and a writ of peremptory mandamus is directed to be issued forthwith commanding Daniel A. Grove, William H. Noll, Jr. and Isaac Miller, Commissioners of Centre County, to immediately repair the said bridges hereinbefore described and referred to, and put the same in good order and condition, suitable and safe for public travel. Costs of this proceeding to be paid by Centre County."

Rattlesnake in Cherry Tree.

A most unusual case of a child being bitten by a rattlesnake is reported from Juniata County. During the recent cherry picking season the child climbed into a cherry tree on his father's farm a short distance beyond Mifflin. As the child was placing his hand on a branch about half way up the tree he felt a sharp sting at a point near the knuckle. He quickly withdrew his hand but not observing anything supposed he had scratched his hand on a sharp twig. He again took hold of the branch, only to receive a second sting. Concluding that there must be something wrong with the branch he endeavored to pull himself up to it, only to be stung the third time. The child then discovered that a rattlesnake was on the branch and that he had been bitten three times. With considerable presence of mind for one of his years the child quickly tied a string about his hand an inch or so above where he had been bitten and then ran to where his father was at work in a field, perhaps a quarter of a mile away. Taking a strap the father placed it about the child's wrist and then drove with him as rapidly as possible to the nearest physician. The child is now recovering. Another member of the family took a shot gun and killed the rattler while it was still in the cherry tree. Black snakes and water snakes are known to crawl into trees. Persons familiar with snakes say they have never before known of a rattlesnake being found in a tree.

P. O. S. of A. Picnic.

Monday, September 3rd, being Labor Day, it is altogether likely that it will be observed as a holiday. If you desire to put in the time with a little diversity from your regular routine of business go to Grange Park, CentreHall, and take in the big P. O. S. of A. picnic. It will be one of the largest outings of the season. The day's festivities will begin with a parade through the streets of Bellefonte. At 10 o'clock Judge Johnston, of Lewisburg, will speak. The speaker needs no introduction to the legal fraternity but to those who have little knowledge of the young jurist's ability we would say he is well worth hearing. There will be music and dancing all day with a game of base ball that will be of interest. There will also be other amusements such as the merry-go-round and Joe Thal's ocean wave. Refreshments of all kinds will be served and in the evening a festival will be held.

Girls Band Festival.

A new and novel organization in Centre County is the Girls Band of Milesburg and to help it along financially there will be a festival at Milesburg on Saturday evening, September 1st, to which the public is earnestly and cordially invited. This will be the first appearance of these young lady musicians and they should be greeted by a large crowd. There will be amusements galore among which will be a cakewalk. Ice cream, cake and other seasonable delicacies will be served.

Notice to the Public.

On and after September 1st there will be an advance of ten per cent. in the price for flat work, family washes and laundry work at the Bellefonte Steam laundry and the City Steam laundry. This advance has been made compulsory owing to the big increase in the cost of all kinds of material and supplies entering into the laundry work.

JOHN NOLL, Bellefonte Steam Laundry.
F. L. KERN, City Steam Laundry.

STATE COLLEGE MAN IS RESCUED FROM STREAM

John Snyder, Sr., Has Narrow Escape from Drowning.

WAS LONG UNCONSCIOUS

While Fishing for Bass below Howard Dam Retired Farmer Falls into Deep Pool—Rescued by Companion After Sinking Third Time.

John Snyder, Sr., of State College, a retired farmer and well known resident of that place, had the narrowest kind of an escape from drowning while fishing for bass at the Howard dam Wednesday morning. He was rescued from a 25-foot pool as he was sinking for the third time. When taken from the water he was unconscious and it was not until a physician had worked over him for an hour and a half that any trace of life could be observed. He was later removed to the Bellefonte hospital, where it is believed that he will soon be fully recovered.

Mr. Snyder, who is 61 years old and is quite heavily built, went to Howard Wednesday morning in an automobile with Mr. Shawley arriving at the dam below that town along about 9 o'clock. He started to fish below the breast of the dam, on the left side from the wagon road. There is a pool at that point ranging in depth from 20 to 25 feet. Mr. Snyder ventured too close to the edge of the pool and happening to step on a slippery stone toppled over and into the deep water. Edward Bathurst, of Howard, was fishing near the iron bridge that crosses Bald Eagle creek just below the dam and happened to look up stream as Mr. Snyder was sinking for the third time. He ran to the pool and plunged into the water where Mr. Snyder had gone down. The depth of the water and Mr. Snyder's weight made the task of rescuing him most difficult but he was finally brought to the surface and towed to shore. Dr. J. Walter Kurtz, of Howard, drove up to his office in his car just as a telephone message conveyed word of the accident and he made a fast run to the dam. Mr. Snyder was laid out on the sheeting below the breast of the dam, his head at the lower part of the incline, and artificial respiration was begun. For fully an hour this was continued but with no sign of life to warrant the hope that the man could be saved. Five or ten minutes later Dr. Kurtz was rewarded with the first indication that respiration was being restored and finally Mr. Snyder had revived sufficiently to be placed in his automobile and driven to Bellefonte. Dr. Kurtz remained with him at the hospital for a time leaving only when he had reason to feel assured that unless unlooked for complications developed Mr. Snyder would recover.

Butterworth—Knisley.

Lieutenant Joseph G. Butterworth, of Machine Gun Troop, First Pennsylvania Cavalry, and a resident of Boalsburg, and Miss Pearl M. Knisley, of Bellefonte, were quietly united in marriage at the Second United Brethren church Altoona, at 3 o'clock Friday afternoon. The officiating clergyman was Rev. C. W. Winey, the pastor, and the nuptial knot was tied with the beautiful ring ceremony. Rev. Winey will be remembered as a former pastor of the Bellefonte U. B. church. The bride is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Knisley, of Bellefonte, and is quite a popular young lady among a large circle of friends who will wish for her a life of unending happiness. Her husband is a worthy young man and is an officer in the Boal Mounted Gun Troop, Boalsburg, who in a few days may be called to leave his home and bride and go into the trenches. It is to be hoped that after the Kaiser is down and out the groom may be permitted to return and establish a home.

Road Viewers to Meet.

The Board of Viewers will meet at the Court House on Monday, September 17th, at 10 o'clock, to hear testimony for and against the following views:—To vacate the Mountain Road, Jackson Gardner Road and Wm. Bechdel-Bowes Road in Liberty Township; also To vacate road from Big Marsh Creek to Little Marsh Creek, from Mann's to near Howard Tipton's, in Curtin Township; also petition of citizens of Rush Township for a road from near Cassanova to a point near Schoonover's Mills.

High Price of Meat.

Food Commissioner Herbert Hoover just recently again warned the American people that the world was facing a meat famine. Watch the beef price soar.

ROY RUPERT KILLED

The Same Story Over—An Automobile Collides With a Train.

A most distressing and fatal automobile accident occurred Sunday morning about 9 o'clock at Bigler, a short distance from Philipsburg. A Pennsy passenger train crashed into a motor car owned by Charles Rupert and driven by his son Roy Rupert, of Huntingdon. The accident was at the grade crossing at Bigler which is quite well known by many auto drivers in Bellefonte. Roy Rupert, aged 22, was instantly killed. Charles Rupert, father of the driver, had a fractured jaw and several lacerations. Mrs. Rupert, mother of the dead young man, suffered from slight injuries. Mrs. W. John Hess, of Altoona, escaped with a broken ankle.

A little daughter of the Ruperts, aged 3, escaped both death and injury in the crash which robbed her of a brother and injured her parents. She was picked up from the twisted and torn machine and taken to the home of friends in Bigler.

All the injured were placed on the train and hurried to the Philipsburg hospital. Young Rupert was dead when picked up, his skull having been fractured and his neck was likely broken. The women were rendered unconscious and it was first reported that Mrs. Rupert was fatally hurt. Young Rupert was at the wheel of the car, which was a Buick touring machine. The car approached the crossing at fair speed and none of the party noticed the passenger train bearing down upon them until too late. The humming of the car motor drowned the roar of the train and the motorists did not stop to look or listen.

As the front of the car shot over the first rail, the pilot of the rushing locomotive struck the machine, bored halfway through the body and then carried it along over the rails until within a few feet of the station, which is 150 feet north of the crossing. Just about the time of the accident George High and wife, of Orviston, accompanied by Mrs. Herbert Wyland and Mrs. Clyde Long, of Howard, arrived on the blood-curdling scene. When Mr. High and train crew reached the car the flames were enveloping it and the clothing of some of the victims were singed before their unconscious forms could be taken from the wreck. The upholstery was badly burned and other parts seared before the fire was extinguished.

History of the New Generals.

General C. M. Clement lives at Sunbury and commands the Pennsylvania division; General Price lives at Chester and is in command of the Pennsylvania artillery brigade; General Stillwell lives at Scranton and commands the First Infantry brigade; General Logan, Pittsburgh, commands the Second brigade; General O'Neil, Allentown, Third brigade, and General Coulter, Greensburg, commands the Tenth infantry, which served in the Philippines and has for four years led the guard. All served in the Spanish war and have long been identified with the guard.

Brigadier General S. W. Miller is a native of Huntingdon and now commands the Niagara camp. General Farnsworth was for years inspector instructor for the national guard of Pennsylvania and is now at Fort Sill; General Styer comes from Bucks county; General Foltz is also a Pennsylvanian, while General Reichmann has been adjutant of the Second army corps at Camp Meade in the Spanish war and has inspected the Pennsylvania guard at different encampments.

Whisky Making Ends Sept. 8th.

Eleven o'clock on the night of Saturday, September 8th, is the time fixed by the food administration when all processes in the United States for the manufacture of distilled spirits must stop.

The thirty day period allowed expires at midnight, September 9th, but this date falls on Sunday. Internal revenue laws prevent the operation of distilleries after eleven o'clock Saturday night.

Any effort to construe the law to permit the use, after that time, of wheat, corn, rye and other materials which had been hoarded will be met with firm action.

It has been reported that some distillers have bought up tremendous supplies, especially in the corn market, in the hope that they would be permitted to convert the hoarded supplies into distilled spirits after the date set. The food administration has received a large number of inquiries along that line and as a result, Mr. Hoover decided to put an end to any doubt that may have existed.

German Casualties 4,500,000.

German casualties reported during July in the German official lists, but not necessarily having occurred in July, amounted to 89,863, as follows:

Killed or died of wounds or sickness, 21,389.

Prisoners or missing, 14,620.

Severely wounded, 13,896.

Wounded and slightly wounded, 39,958.

The total German casualties of all classes since the beginning of the war exceeds 4,500,000.

Never can tell when you'll mash a finger or suffer a cut, bruise, burn or scald. Be prepared. Thousands rely on Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil. Your druggist sells it 30. and 60c.

NEW QUARTERS

American Lime & Stone Company Moves Into Bank Building.

As the American Lime & Stone Co., has one of its largest operations in Bellefonte, which is recognized as one of the town's biggest assets, the citizens of the community will be glad to know of the prosperity of this corporation which is under the very best management. For years this progressive firm had quarters in the Stevens Building on Pennsylvania Avenue in Tyrone, near the Juniata river. It had served its purpose and thus to more modernize their business the company recentlymoved to a new and handsome suite of unusually fine offices on the third floor of the First National Bank building. These very convenient and commodious quarters are thus divided. Room No. 304 is the directors' and treasurer's room. Here all the furnishings are solid mahogany. The rugs are of harmonizing colors in body brussels. The windows face south on Tenth street.

Room 305 is the business office. Here the furniture is oak. The rugs are of neat patterns in brussels. The windows face south on Tenth street. The general make up of the room is inviting and the young ladies in charge add cheer and make you welcome.

Room 306, a charming corner room with windows to the west and south, has a fine perspective. Here the furnishings are in golden oak. The rugs are of beautiful design in body brussels. This is the bookkeepers' room.

Room 307 faces west, with a fine view of the historic narrows east of Tyrone. Here the furniture is dark oak. The brussel rugs give a comfortable and easy air to the apartment. This is where the auditors and paymaster do their work.

Room 308 is a large and pleasant room facing west and is just now in preparation for the typewriters. Part of this room will be devoted to storing supplies of books and stationery.

The five rooms of this delightful and very modern suite are all similarly finished. The ceilings are manilla; the side walls are sea green and the wainscoating dark green. The wood work is dark oak. These rooms have all the modern conveniences, together with elevator service.

A. G. Morris is president of the company and J. King McLanahan, Jr., is secretary and treasurer.

The product is high grade lime and limestone, ground lime and limestone, low silica fluxing, ballast, concreting, etc. The company owns and controls operations at Bellefonte, Tyrone, Union Furnace, Frankstown, Hollidaysburg and Spring Meadows, Pennsylvania.

Food Control Bill.

The bill giving President Wilson control over the food and fuel of the country is now a law and the following is a synopsis:

Gives the President control over food feeds, fuels including fuel oil and supplies for the army and navy, tents, farm machinery and tools.

Allows the President to license business and plants and to revoke the licenses, farmers and stockraisers being exempt from this section.

Authorizes and empowers the federal government through the Federal Trade Commission to control, take over and operate coal and coke mines, and to fix the price.

Directs the President when an emergency exists to fix a minimum price for wheat, making the minimum $2.00 for No. 1 Northern, 1918 crop, and to levy a protective tax.

Prevents the use of foods, fruits, food materials or feeds in the manufacture of distilled spirits and allows the President to limit the alcoholic contents of malts or vinous liquors.

Authorizes and directs the President to commandeer distilled spirits as far as necessary, the court to determine the price to be paid.

Directs the President to spend $10,000,000 for nitrates and sell them for cost to farmers.

Prevents members of the advisory committee of the council of defense from participating in government contracts.

Punishes hoarding of and destruction of foodstuffs and speculation.

Allows the President to close grain exchanges, boards of trade, etc., in order to prevent speculation.

Authorizes him to buy, store and sell wheat, flour, meat, beans and potatoes.

Allows him to take over factories, pattern houses, pipe lines, mines or other plants and operate them.

The sum of $2,500,000 is provided for running expenses and $15,000,000 to carry out the work of the whole food administration.

The food control ceases at the expiration of the war.

Richard H. Hoffer Goes into Navy.

R. H. Hoffer, of Philipsburg, who did soldier duty with the Indiana National Guards on the Mexican border, and has lately been taking training for the Officers' Reserve at Madison Barracks, asked for and received his discharge from infantry duty that he might enlist in the U. S. Navy, which he proceeded immediately to do, and is now located at the Aeronautic Station, Pensacola, Fla. He is a son of the late C. U. Hoffer, formerly of Bellefonte.

Constipation causes headache, indigestion, dizziness, drowsiness. For a mild, opening medicine, use Doan's Regulets. 30c. a box at all stores.

GRAND JURORS.

Abednego Williams, laborer.Unionville
Frank Daley, laborer.....Curtin
Emil Roth, salesman.....Spring
G. W. Muir, clerk.....Liberty
H. N. Crider, gentlemen.....Bellefonte
J. N. Krumrine, contractor.St. College
A. Linn McGinley, merchant.Bellefonte
John Lucas, clerk....Snow Shoe twp.
O. J. Allison, clerk.....Howard
A. F. Showers, carpenter....Bellefonte
J. W. Kerstetter, gentleman.....Penn
H. A. McClellan, farmer.....Potter
Wm. B. Williams, laborer.....Huston
George Zimmerman, laborer.Milesburg
S. E. Twigg, clerk.....Rush
Russell Bigelow, stone cutter.Philipsb'g
Thos. P. Cowher, farmer.....Taylor
John D. Neese, farmer.....Gregg
Samuel I. Reber, farmer.....Howard
W. H. Minnich, laborer..State College
S. B. McCartney, farmer.Howard twp.
W. H. Snavely, laborer.....Walker
C. G. Decker, sawyer.....Gregg
Lewis Dorman, laborer..Howard twp.

Traverse Jurors—First Week.

Rev. John F. Cobb, minister.....Rush
George W. Lane, laborer.....Rush
Chas. H. Watson, agent....Snow Shoe
J. Ottis Hile, brick layer.....Spring
H. E. Zimmerman, farmer.....Spring
Valentine Koffler, inn keeper....Phbg.
Hugh Glossner, laborer.....Liberty
Charles Lynn, farmer.....Rush
E. A. Peters, farmer.....Benner
M. E. Heberling, bookkeeper.St College
P. W. Sheffner, foreman.Snow Shoe.
Carl Motz, forest Ranger.....Haines
Daniel Fohringer, laborer.....Potter
W. W. Barnhart, farmer.....Boggs
G. Ernest Ardery, farmer.....Worth
Robert Kinkead, laborer....Philipsb'g
Elias Hancock, farmer.....Boggs
Jared Evey, farmer.....Spring
D. S. Peterson, farmer.....Ferguson
Wm. Bigelow, farmer.....Rush
P. A. Auman, farmer.....Gregg
David W. Pletcher, surveyor..Howard
Clayton Etters, miller.....College
Jacob Marks, gentleman....Bellefonte
Oliver Moore, laborer..Snow Shoe twp
Christ Decker, gentleman...Bellefonte
Walter Cohen, merchant....Bellefonte
W. F. Musser, laborer.....Gregg
Thos. Williams, farmer.....Spring
J. D. Thomas, gentleman.....Haines
Wm. Blauser, merchant.....Potter
Roll Garvish, laborer.....Rush
C. G. Kling, farmer.....Marion
Mitch Watson, farmer....Snow Shoe
Boyd Witman, laborer.....Walker
Irvin Scantlin, laborer.....Liberty
D. B. Weaver, farmer.....Miles
Joseph Tressler, laborer....St. College
William Woods, merchant.....Rush
Wm. P. Allen, clerk.....State College
Clarence Swartz, laborer..Snow Shoe
H. H. Fye, laborer.....Burnside
Clarence Lyon, laborer.....Boggs
P. G. Morgan, coal operator.Snow Shoe
William Spotts, mechanic....Ferguson
John Mitchell, merchant.....College
Frank Jarret, carpenter.....Rush
Reuben Frantz, laborer.....Worth

Traverse Jurors—Second Week.

Rev. J. A. Novak, minister.Snow Shoe
Daniel D. Confer, farmer.....Liberty
A. C. Ripka, laborer.....Centre Hall
James Wian, saddler.....Bellefonte
Harry O. Pletcher, farmer.....Liberty
J. C. Marks, farmer.....Taylor
E. C. Stark, miner.....Rush
Gideon Beightol, gentleman, Snow Shoe
S. C. Bower, manager.....Howard
Henry Parsons, farmer.....Union
Frank Chase, barber..South Philipsb'g
Norman Wright, Asst. Supt..Bellefonte
Daniel Shook, farmer.....Gregg
Charles A. Hennigh, farmer....Gregg
John Fryberger, cashier...Philipsburg
O. J. Stover, liveryman.....Liberty
George Ayers, civil engineer...Phbg.
Harry Reeser, butcher....Snow Shoe
John Boyce, liquor dealer..Snow Shoe
A. C. Peters, farmer.....College
G. R. Spigelmeyer, merch't.Bellefonte
Robert Keck, carpenter....Snow Shoe
D. C. Thomas, farmer.....Harris
Frank J. Lose, farmer.....Haines
Harry Humphrey, plasterer.Philipsb'g
James C. Condo, blacksmith....Gregg
James Goodman, carpenter.Bellefonte
W. T. Fitzgerald, bl'ksmith.Bellefonte
Wm. Taylor, milk dealer.....Spring
J. P. McDonald, foreman...Unionville
J. Fred Brown, laborer.....Potter
Thomas Askey, miner.....Rush
Joseph M. Carson, road boss....Potter
Jacob Walk, lumberman.....Taylor
Clifford Close, farmer.....Ferguson
John Braught, laborer.....Penn
David Rockey, lumberman.....Miles
A. W. Winklebleck, farmer.....Haines
Jacob Bigelow, saddler.....Worth
C. M. Wilson, farmer.....Huston
Harry McClincey, laborer.....Spring
Calvin Holt, farmer.....Huston
Thomas S. Swartz, merchant....Potter
L. J. Bartlett, teacher.....Haines
J. B. Martin, merchant..State College
R. E. Yarnell, laborer.....Bellefonte
L. P. Bower, farmer.....Penn
W. T. Meese, miller.....Philipsburg

Milroy Youth Wins Scholarship.

Governor Brumbaugh has nominated David Harvey Patterson of Milroy for a scholarship (value $850) in the Pennsylvania Museum and School of Industrial Arts, Philadelphia.

Mr. Patterson has been a student in the Industrial Chemistry course at State College for the past three years and will take up this fall the study of color chemistry at the school of Industrial Arts which is one of three institutions in this country having a course in the manufacture and application of colors.

This young man is the first student from Mifflin county to receive a scholarship in this institution. He is a son of S. R. Patterson of Milroy who is employed as chemist by Thompson Bros.

Wouldn't Hold the Steer.

Vice President Marshall was accosted by two photographers as he approached the capitol. "Look this way," said one of the photographers. "Look right into this lens," said the otherr Marshall looked from one to the other. "Hold on," he said. "You fellows ever hear of the cross-eyed butcher who was about to kill a steer? He had purchased a hanger-on about the place to hold the steer while he hit it between the eyes. 'Goin' to hit where you're lookin'?' asked the helper, 'Yep,' replied the cross-eyed butcher. 'Then hold the steer yourself,' said the helper as he walked away.

Unclaimed Letters.

The following letters remain unclaimed in the Bellefonte postoffice:—

Clide Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. I. W. Cormer, Chas. Grubb, Mrs. Sara Grimes, Pete Halleck, Wallace Immel, William Jones, Rev. James H. Lamb, Margaret Morton, John Rainer, Mrs. L. P. Smith, James Turfaro, The Misses Wade, Miss Fannie Walker, Mrs. H. Wenen. When called for please say advertised.

FATE OF THE TRAITOR.

The Story of a Mexican Chief and Two Brothers In His Army.

On one occasion a Mexican officer stole a sack of silver pesos. He fled into the state of Guerrero. Zapata sent for a young officer of his staff and said:

"You will follow this traitor night and day and never rest until you find him. You must not kill him, but bring him back to me alive. I will hang him in the plaza before all the people as one who has been false to his trust."

Without remark the young officer left the headquarters and started the pursuit. For weeks he trailed the fugitive back and forth through hostile country. At last he captured him and brought him, bound hand and foot, into a room where Zapata was holding a conference.

"Mi general," he said huskily, "you told me to capture him without injury and bring him before you. I have done so. Now I want to ask you a favor. Let me die in his place and set him free."

"What fool is this?" cried Zapata in amazement. "Why do you, an honorable soldier, want to die to set free this traitor?"

"He is my youngest brother," replied the officer. "I obeyed your order because you are my chief, but if my brother dies because of me I would not want to live."

For a moment Zapata gazed from the cringing prisoner to the pale faced officer standing rigidly at attention.

"Listen to me!" he finally exclaimed, pointing his finger in the prisoner's face. "Your brother has proved that he is a man, so I will grant his request. This is my sentence: You will be stripped of your rank and you will work as your brother's mozo. You will do woman's work and cook for him and serve him as a slave. Nevermore will you carry a gun in the company of free men. Go!"

FIGHTING THE FIREBUGS.

How English Insurance Companies Keep Tab on the Swindlers.

There is a mutual understanding between all the first class insurance offices in England that they should warn each other of a customer whose conduct is suspicious, and such a warning is conveyed in a very simple yet effective way.

Each company has a number of cards printed. These are deeply edged in black, the center of the card bearing the name of the company which issues it. When a company has suspicions regarding a customer one of its officers takes a number of these cards, writes on the reverse side the name and address, or different names and addresses in some cases, of the suspected man and sends around the cards to the other offices.

These cards are regarded as absolutely confidential, and they are never sent around till the company which issues them has, through the staff of inquiry officers always kept for such purposes, found strong evidence against the men whose names they bear.

Each company keeps a book regularly posted with these cards in it, and the book is more frequently consulted than the general public would imagine. Many of these volumes of black edged warnings are bulky ones.

The aliases and changes of residence of each suspicious customer are carefully noted in the book, and it is computed that these cards save the companies thousands of pounds a year.

Salvage companies also issue these "insurance warnings." Whenever a salvage officer notes the slightest suspicious circumstance amid the ruins of a fire he duly reports it.—London Tit-Bits.

Cleaning Coat Collars.

When the collar of a coat looks shabby and greasy, though the coat is otherwise quite fresh, take a clean rag, dip it in spirits of turpentine and rub the collar all over with it.

Leave it for a few minutes, then repeat the process, afterward scraping it gently to remove any loose dirt. Then sponge it carefully with a little alcohol and keep wiping it with a clean cloth until it is nearly dry. Hang it up until it is quite dry.

If necessary press the collar with a hot iron, having a thin white cloth between it and the iron. After this treatment the collar will look almost new again.

Clipping With a Pin.

When you lose your knife or do not have a pair of scissors at hand for cutting the paper a common pin or needle of any kind serves the purpose admirably, says Popular Science Monthly. If it is a single sheet from which the clipping is to be removed lay the part on another paper, hold the pin slantwise so that the point will follow around the clipping, just as if tracing an outline. Pass back over the scratch with the point in the lead, and you will be surprised how smoothly the pin cuts the paper.

Obstacles.

Cooper—Why has the great American novel never been written? Webster—Because when an American possesses sufficient comprehension of American life and the necessary facility of expression to write such a novel he becomes a promoter or goes into politics.—Life.

Gleam of Intelligence.

Woman—I wish to sue my husband for divorce on the grounds of insanity. Lawyer—Will he contest? Woman—Oh, no! He is not so crazy as that.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Depends on Circumstances.

"Do you believe in autohypnotism?" "That depends on whether you own one of the blamed things."—Baltimore American.

....44th ANNUAL....

ENCAMPMENT and EXHIBITION

Of the Patrons of Husbandry of Central Penna.

Grange Park, Centre Hall, Pa.

September 8th to 14th, 1917

Encampment opens September 8th. Exhibition opens September 10th

The largest and best fair in Central Pennsylvania; by farmers and for farmers. Twenty-eight acres are devoted to camping and exhibition purposes. Ample tent accommodations for all desiring to camp.

A large display of Farm Stock and Poultry, Farm Implements, Fruits, Cereals and every production of Farm and Garden.

ADMISSION FREE

LEONARD RHONE, CHAIRMAN.

George Gingerich, C. R. Neff, D. L. Bartges, J. S. Dale, Committee.

A DANGEROUS TROUBLE

Bellefonte People Tell How to Act in Time.

Kidney diseases are very dangerous. They come on silently, gain ground rapidly, and cause thousands of deaths that could have been prevented by proper treatment in the beginning. Nature gives early warnings of kidney disease—backache, twinges of pains when stooping or lifting, headaches and bladder disorders. If these symptoms are unheeded, there is grave danger of dropsy or fatal Bright's disease. Doan's Kidney Pills have earned a reputation for their effectiveness in kidney troubles, and are known and recommended the world over. Bellefonte testimony proves the merit of Doan's Kidney Pills to our readers.

Mrs. Katie Capani, 224 S. Allegheny St., Bellefonte, says: "For about a year I suffered almost constantly from pains in my back. I had soreness across my loins and the doctor told me my kidneys were not acting properly. The trouble affected my sight and I could hardly read. Doan's Kidney Pills were brought to my attention and as I had heard that they had done a lot of good for others I got a box. The first few doses relieved me of the awful pain in my back and I continued until I was entirely relieved. I have taken several boxes since and they have kept my kidneys in good working order."

Price 60c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—Get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Capani had. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfgrs., Buffalo, N. Y.

What French Women are Wearing.

There is a cable report on the fashions in Paris in the September Woman's Home Companion. The writer of it says:

"When officers and soldiers first appeared on Paris streets, smart features in the uniforms appealed to feminine fancy and immediately there were launched street costumes modeled nearly exactly on war uniforms. Naturally, what at first seemed smart became cheapened, and the fad frowned upon by that inexorable law of Parisiennes, good taste, had a short run to an absolute finish. From the beginning, the Parisienne of war time refused all conspicuousness of gowning, and what thought she gave to the subject was concentrated on an endeavor to unite elegance to simplicity. The 'little dress' that has ruled so long in Paris came into being from the recognized need of busy women who, under the strenuous new conditions, demanded a dress that could be quickly put on and easily adjusted. Achieved immediately, it conquered the world and is still the Prevailing fashion in Paris.

"The first model was a straight sack chemise, loosely belted and closed in front. The sleeves were cut in one and the neck was collarless. From this developed many variations that extended into afternoon and evening toilettes."

Be Courteous.

When a newspaper reporter calls on you and asks "what's new?" don't tell him "nothing," but rack your brains a moment and give him any piece of local news that you may have heard of and that will establish a pleasant reciprocity between you and the reporter, and you will find that it pays.

Some people imagine that a reporter is nothing more than a joke but if he told half he knows about this class of individuals they would soon get the "joke" idea out of their system.

Eagles Close Convention.

Milwaukee was chosen as the place for the 1918 convention by the Fraternal Order Eagles at the closing of the convention Friday at Buffalo, N. Y. A. B. Duncan, St. Louis, was elected Grand Worthy Vice President, the only office for which there was a contest. Dr. Carl G. Wister, Indianapolis, was re-elected Grand Worthy President.

1917 Auto License Fees.

Receipts of the state highway department for automobile license went over the $30,000,00 mark for 1917 recently breaking all records.

The increase is largely due to the demand for applications for half year licenses. This ran as high as $3,000 and $4,000 a day recently.

CHICHESTER S PILLS

THE DIAMOND BRAND.
Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Chi-ches-ter's Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. Take no other. Buy of your Druggist. Ask for CHI-CHES-TER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for 25 years known as Best, Safest, Always Reliable

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

DOLLARS SAVED

On all Guaranteed Make Tires

Sell us your worn out tires. Get circular No. 27P stating sizes and makes wanted.

Pittsburgh Tire & Rubber Brokerage Co
206 Market Street - PITTSBURGH PA.

HIS FIRST DEPOSIT.

Makes a young man feel like a different fellow He commences to feel that he has something. He has. A deposit in the Bellefonte Trust Co. means the beginning of a fund which may lead to fortune and certainly to old age comfort and independence.

Bellefonte Trust Company,

Allegheny Street Bellefonte, Pa.

A Warning

Was It Given by Auto-suggestion or an Unexplained Spiritual Power?

By Alan Hinsdale

Captain Gifford, commanding the good ship Nautilus, stood on the porch of his land home overlooking the Atlantic ocean, his wife clinging to him, loath to let him go. The captain had sailed several times before since his marriage, but not dreading any peril except what has pertained to a sailor's life from time immemorial. But now he was to face a new danger, a danger compared with which storm or sunken rock was far less dreadful, for a storm may be weathered and a sunken rock may be avoided. Gifford was to face the dreaded submarine.

This is why his wife parted with him so much more reluctantly than ever before.

"Don't worry about me, sweetheart," he said. "We have a gun forward and a gun aft and an ensign in the navy commanding a crew of trained gunners. We shall keep vigilant watch by day for submarines, and at night not a light will be allowed aboard the ship. I venture to say that we will have as good a chance as any submarine that may attack us."

"That is but one chance in two," replied the despondent wife.

"No; I believe we shall have a great advantage over the submarine. We shall enter the restricted zone when there is no moonshine, and, not showing a light, I do not believe we shall be in danger of attack at night. As for an encounter in the day, by keeping incessant watch we will get the first shot, for the submarine to get our bearings must do so from the surface. If we put one shot into her she is lost, and our gunners are very quick and very skillful. Then, too, she must attack us when we present a broadside to her, and we may show either stern or bow. If the stern, we may run away from her; if the bow, we may ram her. There will be no need for us to put our prow against her but once, for she will roll over and go to the bottom. But remember this—we may not see a submarine."

"But suppose she sees you before you see her and has time to send a shot at you before your gunners are ready to fire."

"Don't worry about that, my dear. We shall always be on the alert. From the first light of dawn to the closing in of night our lookout and our gunners will keep their eyes peeled for them."

It was with such hopeful assurances that the captain sought to comfort his wife. Finally she released him, and he started for his ship.

The Nautilus passed through the danger zone safely. Not even the tip of a periscope was seen above the surface of the water. Captain Gifford on entering forbidden waters followed rigidly the course laid down for him by the British admiralty, and it was to this fact that he owed his safety. The crew and the gun squad were of opinion that all a ship need do to escape being sunk in the danger zone was to adhere to instructions. They heard of ships being torpedoed by disregarding them, but not of ships being wrecked that observed them.

It was to this opinion that was due some laxity on the return voyage. Captain Gifford did all he could to counteract this disposition, constantly watching the men for breach of the rigid system of attention to duty he had instituted. He found the work very wearing, and the night his ship was leaving the zone, having been long without sleep, he turned in for a brief rest.

It was about three bells in the morning that the captain awoke. He was astonished to see his cabin faintly illuminated and horrified as well, for he had given the strictest orders that no light was to be allowed on the ship, and here was light in his own cabin. But this was not all that amazed the captain. His wife was standing beside his berth.

"Great heavens, Lucy," he exclaimed, "how did you come here?"

"There is a submarine a few miles distant. When day comes and your ship will be visible you will be in danger."

Now, the captain had been so profoundly sunken in sleep that he saw this scene but half awake. By the time he had become fully aroused the illumination of his cabin had faded, as well as the figure of his wife. Naturally he ascribed his vision to nightmare induced by his mind being absorbed in the danger through which his ship was passing. It was yet several hours before day, but so vivid was his dream, or whatever it was, that he arose—he was in his clothing—and went on deck to see if the watch were doing their duty. The sailors were alert, but the men on duty at the guns were dozing.

While Captain Gifford regarded the vision as the creation of his own brain, he had a feeling within him that it was a real warning of danger. At any rate, it served as such. He ordered every man on deck and instructed the officer commanding the gunners to have a man at the breach of each gun, ready to fire instantly on sight of an enemy. It was still dark, the sky covered with clouds, and nothing would be discoverable for more than an hour. During the interval the eyes of every man on the ship were peering in different directions, taking in the whole periphery of the ocean, ready at the first glimmer of dawn to see an enemy if one appeared.

But the heavens above were black and the ocean beneath was black. If a periscope were raised above the surface it would not have been seen. The ship was painted a dark lead color, which rendered it invisible against the sky.

Then the clouds to the eastward became a trifle lighter than at the other points of the compass, and slowly the dawn began to make sky and ocean visible.

At eight bells—the bell was not struck—a man in the rigging cried out:

"Submarine on the port bow half a mile away!"

Ten seconds later the forward gun of the Nautilus boomed. The shot flew above the water and ricocheted when some thirty yards from the submarine, passing clean over her deck, which was but a few feet above the surface.

The submarine dived. It was probable that she had been taken by surprise, but must have got the bearings of the Nautilus. Within two or three minutes a torpedo came through the water a few feet beneath the surface. It would have struck the ship in the stern had not Captain Gifford given an order to put the helm hard down, which was turning the ship to sail in a circle about the submarine. This had moved the stern away from the line of the torpedo.

Captain Gifford, having moved from the position he was in when the submarine had him sighted, believed that it would be necessary for it to rise again before she could locate his ship. He kept his course till he had completed a semicircle, when the periscope of his enemy appeared about 1,000 yards dead ahead. The marksman at the bow gun was very quick in sending a shot at her. Whether the shot hit her or not was problematical, for instead of completing a rise to the surface she went under.

Captain Gifford concluded that if she had not been disabled she would send another torpedo to him or rise to get a better sight of his location. He concluded that it would be safer to keep right on his course toward her. If he turned he must expose a broadside, whereas by heading for her he would expose only his narrow bow and might have an opportunity to ram her. A ripple in the water a cable's length from the ship on the starboard side and running parallel with it indicated that the enemy had risked a shot, but had gone wide of the mark.

The Nautilus kept on her course on a guess that she was making for the submarine, the bow gunner ready to send a shot the moment the periscope of the enemy showed itself. It did not show itself, however, till the Nautilus was within a few yards of it. There was a bump, and those on the bow of the Nautilus saw a sharklike body roll on its side, turn turtle and disappear.

A shout went up from the Nautilus' crew, for all knew that they and their ship were saved. In the ship's wake the surface of the water was covered with oil, indicating that the submarine would no longer trouble them.

However, being still on the verge of the danger zone, Captain Gifford kept a strict watch during the day, and when night fell the Nautilus mingled with the gloom, not a light being seen on her.

When Captain Gifford passed to safe sailing his mind naturally reverted to his waking in the night and his warning vision. Since the warning had undoubtedly saved his ship and its crew he could not consider it a nightmare or a dream. His wife's face and figure, a look of terror in her eyes, were vivid, while her warning words still sounded in his ears. At the same time the captain was not naturally disposed to refer the matter to any cause except his own presentiment. He finally settled down to this view, believing the presence of the submarine near his ship and his dream, or whatever it was, coincidences.

When the captain reached home he found his wife's nerves much broken down, so much so that he did not for a time refer to his narrow escape. He asked her why she had worried herself into so deplorable a condition, and she replied that one night she was seized with a foreboding that a submarine was lurking near the Nautilus and as soon as dawn appeared would undoubtedly attack the vessel. An overweening desire seized her to warn her husband. She then passed into a trance. She seemed to be flying over the ocean at night, reached the Nautilus, saw the drowsy gunners and passed down into her husband's cabin, where she warned him of his danger. When she awoke in the morning her nerves were unhinged and had remained so ever since.

This information staggered the captain's rational view of his warning. That he had produced it by anxiety, that his wife should have produced the complement of his part in the matter also by anxiety, did not seem to fulfill the conditions of a warning dream or autosuggestion. Furthermore, the warning proved to have been needed. Without it the Nautilus would doubtless have been sunk by the submarine.

When Mrs. Gifford recovered her health her husband told her his part of the story. Since then there are two opinions of the matter in the Gifford family. Captain Gifford attributes the warning to autosuggestion and coincidence. His wife believes that she was endowed with power to know of his danger and to go and warn him. Both have their adherents.

But, granting this, how did she go? Surely it will not be admitted that her body was transported over several thousand miles, and that without her being conscious of it. But the soul! If it is a soul it is not material. And why should not a soul move as well as wireless electricity?

SAVING THE TIRES.

Some Advice on How to Treat Them to Make Them Last.

"Practical tests prove that a car is not stopped as quickly when the wheels are locked as when the brakes are applied gently, but firmly," said a tire expert in a talk about tires.

"By locking the wheel and skidding the tire the rubber is scraped and torn off and the canvas laid bare. Goodby tire. A tube must be placed inside a casing, and every crease must be eliminated. A carelessly fitted tube will be subjected to abnormal tension in several places and will be sure to burst in inflating.

"Many drivers still run on deflated tires. There is nothing will ruin a shoe quicker than this. When you get a puncture, stop immediately and make repairs or change shoes. When rubber comes in contact with oily or fatty substances it blisters and disintegrates. See that your tires do not come in contact with any kind of grease.

"We have known brand new tires to wear out in only 150 miles of driving, simply because the front wheels were not properly aligned. If your wheels are not parallel and true, have them tested at once and the trouble corrected.

"Vulcanizing by an incompetent person is dangerous and costly, resulting usually in rubber losing its elasticity."—New York Post.

PUT THE RUBBISH TO USE.

Old Clothes and Furniture May Be Needed by Others.

If there is a piece of furniture about the house that is not actually in use give it away. Get rid of it; clean up the rubbish; clear out the attic; don't allow useless articles to accumulate.

The habit of hoarding was formed in the jungle away back when the race was hard pressed. Our ancestors later on found that it was a part of wisdom to hang on to everything they could get hold of, on the theory that it would some day be of use, and generally it was of use. So we have clung to the habit of hoarding until at this time there are many articles about every home which are absolutely useless and which will never be used by the household. Get rid of them.

The conservation of resources—the economy about which we hear so much—does not contemplate the withholding from use of anything that may be of use. Indeed, conservation means using to the utmost that which is usable in a rational way. So you are actually conserving the wealth of the world by disposing of that which is of no use to you, but which may be of use to some one else.—Columbus Dispatch.

Courage and Cruelty.

It is one of the mean and morbid lies that physical courage is connected with cruelty. Tolstoyan and Kiplingite are nowhere more at one than in maintaining this. They have, I believe, some small sectarian quarrel with each other, the small one saying that courage must be abandoned because it is connected with cruelty and the other maintaining that cruelty is charming because it is a part of courage. But it is all, thank God, a lie. An energy and boldness of body may make a man stupid or reckless or dull or drunk or hungry, but it does not make him spiteful.—Gilbert K. Chesterton.

Royal Tennis Champion.

King Gustav of Sweden is one of the best tennis players in Europe. One room in the royal palace at Stockholm is devoted to his trophies as such, many of them won against all comers, and the court which he has constructed in the most salubrious neighborhood of the capital is the most perfect covered one in Europe. When the king is in the courts there is no ceremony, nothing to suggest that a royal exponent is matching his skill against a commoner. Not even a ball boy is engaged to pick up the balls, a fixed attribute of every English tournament.

Warmouth Bass.

The Warmouth bass, called by some the google eye, redeye and bream, is really a sunfish shaped very much like the rock bass. It grows to ten inches and prefers shallow ponds and lowland, sluggish streams. It is not a very game fish and generally carries the flavor of the mud bottoms when used as a food.—"Lake and Stream Game Fishing," by Dixie Carroll.

A Remarkable Development.

"My husband is better to me now than he was even before we were married."

"How remarkable! Have the years changed him so?"

"No; I have changed him. He is actually afraid to be otherwise."—Exchange.

The Reason.

"Darling, I could be satisfied in a hut with you."

"I believe you would. That's the reason I'm going to marry Charles. He won't."—Kansas City Star.

The Good Time Coming.

"The electric griddle makes toast instantly; the fireless cooker"—

"I know. A few more inventions and we can get along without cooks."—Pittsburgh Post.

So Be Cheerful.

"It pays to be cheerful."

"You bet. As long as you look as if you had money your creditors will have confidence in you."—Boston Transcript.

Give Her Time.

Teacher—Do you know the population of New York? Mamie Backrow—Not all of them, ma'am. But, then, we've lived here only two years.—Puck.

A Blank Marriage Certificate

It Turned Up a Valid One After Twenty Years

By F. A. Mitchel

I.

Every day the readers of fiction demand more and more stories illustrating what is happening among them. Improbable happenings are tabooed. Nevertheless stories written many years ago, based on what was then a more or less common occurrence, are still read. The novel "Jane Eyre," by Charlotte Bronte, is one of these favorites.

This story is based on a mock marriage. A century ago British swells seemed to have no conscience in preying upon women. Mock marriages were by no means uncommon. But today we never hear of a mock marriage. This is due largely to a change in the times. Formerly formal certificates were required in marriage. Now any man and woman can acknowledge before witnesses that they are man and wife and the law recognizes the marriage.

During the early part of the nineteenth century there was a noted case of mock marriage between a British nobleman and an American girl. In those days America was a new country, and Englishmen who came over here were prone to look down on Americans. Nevertheless there were descendants, in the eastern states especially, of the younger sons of foreign noblemen, who settled on the American coast when the country was being occupied from abroad, dispossessing the Indians.

Edith Van Wyck, whose progenitor, Hufleger Van Wyck, came from Holland, where Philip II. of Spain was persecuting the Protestants, was a comely young woman, in excellent standing socially in New York. Lord John Turnbull, a son of the Duke of Averton, visited America, met Miss Van Wyck and fell in love with her. He did not consider a marriage with one who had neither fortune nor title, but, desiring to possess her, resorted to a device which was common at the time—that is, be married her, prearranging that she should not be able to prove herself a legal wife.

In those days the elite of New York lived on the southern extremity of Manhattan Island, the Van Wycks' home fronting on the Battery. Young Lord John courted Edith in the space surrounding the fort that gave the name to its location, for it was called the Battery from the guns mounted on it. He was a charming man in everything except morality, and the young lady fell an easy victim to his wiles.

When they were married the groom handed the officiating clergyman a pen, which he dipped into a gold ink horn that bore the crest of his family, saying that for generations marriage certificates of members of his family had been written with ink from this heirloom. No one thought to ask why the young lord had brought such a relic to America. There was not the slightest doubt that he was acting in good faith.

Lord John remained in America three months after his marriage, when he returned to England without his wife. He told her that there would be great objection on the part of his family to his marriage with an American commoner and he must prepare them for the event. Unless he could win his mother over to his side and through her influence his father the latter, who owned a large, unentailed fortune, would disinherit him.

Edith consented to his departing without her, he promising to return to her as soon as he obtained his father's consent to receive her. He set sail in a British ship, and his young wife tearfully watched the vessel from her window as it sailed down the bay.

A month was required to make a voyage to England in those days, and when another month had been added to the first Edith began to look for a letter from her husband. A month more passed and no letter came. Several more passed and still no word from her husband. At last the poor woman began to realize that she was deserted. She believed that her husband had failed to win his father's consent to his marriage and had concluded not to announce it; but, being married to him, she hoped that at some future day she would be acknowledged as his wife.

Meanwhile the Duke of Averton died, and his son, John Turnbull, inherited the title. Then, since his record seemed all right, he was considered a great catch by young women of the nobility.

One day Edith received a shock that blighted her life. A London paper came to America in which there was an announcement of the marriage of her husband to Lady Gladys Armstrong, daughter of the Duke of Milford. That her husband had deserted her was a blow; that he had committed bigamy was crushing.

Her family, not being willing to submit to such treatment, took up the case, intending to prosecute Lord Averton for bigamy. The attorney they employed called for the marriage certificate. Edith took it out of a desk in which it had lain since the marriage and before turning it over to her father looked at it. What was her astonishment, her horror, to see that the paper on which it had been written was a blank!

The poor woman then knew that she had been tricked. She delayed turning the paper over or saying anything about it till she had time to think. A little boy had been born to her, and she dreaded the fact of his standing being known to the world. After deliberation she put the paper back where it had been before removal and refused to produce it, saying that she would not consent to a prosecution of Lord John. She resumed her maiden name and brought up her son as Francis Van Wyck.

II.

Twenty years later a young man stepped into a solicitor's office in London and requested him to demand of the Duke of Averton £20,000. When asked his name and why he made such a demand the stranger declined at present to give either. The solicitor declined to take the case, but when the client said that the amount was demanded for the support of a woman the duke had wronged many years before he consented.

Averton winced at the demand, but put on a bold face. He pronounced the case one of blackmail and declined to consider it. When the matter was announced in the newspapers he and his family gave out that the duke, as Lord John, had shown some attention to an American girl he had met in the United States. After a lapse of years she had concluded to claim that he had married her. There was nothing in it.

The case, notwithstanding this statement, excited a good deal of attention in London society, not because that society looked down with scorn upon the betrayal of women by their aristocracy—for in those days the British people regarded the peccadillos of the nobility with far more leniency than today—but because there was a fear that the family occupying the title and the property might be dispossessed through some unfortunate marriage of the duke when he was sowing his wild oats. When the case came to be tried quite a number of the British aristocracy were present in court.

"We are prepared to prove," said the plaintiff's solicitor, "that about twenty-two years ago, when the Duke of Averton was in America, he married Edith Van Wyck of New York and lived with her as her husband several months, when he deserted her. The couple were married by the Rev. Thomas MacLaren in St. Mark's church, on a street called the Bowery. The officiating clergyman is now dead, but we will furnish a certificate that he was rector of the church at the time of the wedding. We shall also furnish the certificate of marriage written by said MacLaren."

The attorney held up a bit of blank paper. The defendant, who was in court, looked at it with evident solicitous interest.

Stepping to a table, the lawyer placed the paper under a microscope and said to the judge:

"Your honor, I desire you to examine this paper and give a ruling on it. Is it or is it not a valid certificate of marriage?"

The judge stepped down from the bench and critically examined the paper by means of the microscope. He saw indentations made with a pen constituting a certificate of marriage between Lord John Turnbull and Edith Van Wyck and signed by Thomas MacLaren. After the examination the judge returned to the bench. The lawyer continued:

"We claim that when the marriage certificate was made out the clergyman was handed an ink horn and a pen by the groom, who stated that marriage certificates had for hundreds of years been written in ink from the said ink horn. The clergyman therefore made out the certificate with ink taken from said ink horn. We claim that the plaintiff had filled the ink horn with ink that after a short period became invisible.

"I have also a certificate from a prominent London scientist that iodine combined with starch, called iodide of starch, will produce an ink that will in a short time entirely fade away. We charge the Duke of Averton at that time with procuring the writing of the certificate with iodide of starch, which will fade and cannot be reproduced. I therefore ask your honor to accept these pen indentations as a certificate of marriage between the defendant and the plaintiff."

While this address was being spoken Averton turned ghastly pale.

The judge took time for consideration, then ruled that the certificate was a valid document.

Each member of the jury was given an opportunity to examine the paper through a microscope. The foreman read aloud a certificate given by the officiating clergyman that he had married Edith Van Wyck and John Turnbull in the city of New York on a certain date. The reading was effected by the pen indentations on the paper. After all had seen it the judge instructed the jury to accept it as valid testimony.

That settled the case in favor of Edith Van Wyck, Duchess of Averton. She was adjudged such by the court, which made the duke a bigamist and his London family illegitimate.

The young man who prosecuted the case was the son of the defendant. As soon as he had won a verdict in his mother's favor he entered upon negotiations for the payment by the duke of an annuity to his mother, and the case was thus settled. The Duke of Averton was never brought to trial for bigamy owing to his influence with the British cabinet.

His son returned to America, where he continued to live under the name of Van Wyck and became an eminent jurist in New York. His mother after her vindication returned to her social position and became a leader. She died during the war days of 1863.

Since then there has been a notable change in the depredations of the young bloods upon the weaker sex. Mock marriages are no longer perpetrated.

FAMILIAR WITH GREATNESS.

Mere Generals Didn't Impress the American Camera Man.

A story told by Francis A. Collins in the Camera Man shows that the direct methods of the American news photographer are not affected by surroundings that might cause others to grow self conscious.

A newspaper assigned an American to make a portrait of General von Bissing in the palace in Brussels. The photographer applied for permission to the authorities at Berlin, who received him courteously and, after considerable formality, detailed an officer to accompany him to Brussels. An appointment was made, and the two were admitted to the general's room. Previously, however, it had been explained to the American that under no circumstances was he to address the general. The officer began his explanation, but became confused at finding himself face to face with so distinguished a personage.

"Your excellency," he began, "we have come from Berlin—that is, if you will be so kind"— In his confusion he came to a full stop.

General von Bissing was seated at a desk and seemed to be very busy. The American photographer stepped forward.

"General, I am an American," he began without embarrassment.

"I see that," said the general, with a smile.

"I have come to take your picture," the photographer added without waste of time.

The situation was unprecedented. The officer stood aghast.

"Very well," replied General von Bissing. "Go ahead. What do you want me to do?"

"If you will step to the window," the photographer explained. "Now step this way, a little farther, please. No; this way." And to the horror of the attending officer the photographer laid his hand on the general's arm and arranged the pose. The picture was taken in a few seconds.

"Thank you, general," said the unabashed American easily.

"I hope your picture turns out well," replied General von Bissing, and the interview was over. Once they were outside the door, the officer expostulated:

"How did you come to address his excellency? It is most unprecedented. And you laid your hand on him. How could you do so?"

"Mein lieber freund," said the American, "I have photographed three American presidents, and a general more or less is nothing to me."

CONQUERING THE CRAMP.

Rules a Swimmer Should Follow When an Attack Comes On.

A cramp is merely a contraction of the muscles caused by the penetration of the cold. Obviously it could not of itself cause drowning. Its worst effect, according to the Popular Science Monthly, is to cause a panic which throws the swimmer off his guard, causing him to let the air out of his lungs and thus allow the air passages to become filled with water. The safeguards against such panic are absolute confidence in the floating power of the body and a demonstrable knowledge of the proper way to fill the lungs quickly to utmost capacity with air.

The moment a cramp is felt the swimmer should turn on his back and begin to gulp the air, making no effort to keep himself from sinking. As he sinks he slowly exhales under water, through the mouth, with the lips puckered as for whistling. If it is a stomach cramp the knees will be drawn up against the abdomen, but the swimmer should force them out, pushing on them with both hands and using all his strength until they are fully extended. This will no doubt cause great pain for a few seconds, but as soon as the legs are straightened out the cramp will vanish, and the body, buoyed up by the air in the lungs, will shoot up to the surface. There, still inhaling in great gulps and exhaling through puckered lips, the swimmer may float until he regains his strength or is picked up.

In case of cramp in the leg or arm the same system of breathing is followed, and the affected part is straightened out by sheer strength.

Preparing Him For Matrimony.

In South Africa some of the savage tribes have a peculiar ceremony which they put the matrimonial candidate through previous to his entering the marriage state. His hands are tied up in a bag containing five ants for two hours. If he bears unmoved the tortures of their stings he is considered qualified to cope with the nagging and daily jar and fret of married life.

Shrewd.

Jack—Fine trick Gotrox played on his titled son-in-law.

Bass—What did he do?

Jack—Gave him a 10 per cent margin on 10,000 shares in P. D. Q. as a wedding present, then beared the market and sold the poor fish out when he couldn't cover.—Wall Street Journal.

Why He Loved It.

"He used to vow he loved the ground she walked on."

"The ancestral domain, eh?"

"Yes. Pretended he loved the ground she walked on, and now he's trying to mortgage a lot of it."—Kansas City Journal.

Had Enough Trouble.

"Darling, I have decided to speak to your father tonight."

"Oh, not tonight, Alfred. He has cut himself shaving, missed a train, broken his glasses and lost an umbrella—all since this morning."—Browning's Magazine.

THE REPUBLICAN.

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FOR JURY COMMISSIONER.

The Republican is authorized to announce the candidacy of John D. Becker, of Potter Township, for nomination for Jury Commissioner on the Republican ticket, subject to the decision of the Republican primary election in 1917.

FOR TAX COLLECTOR—We are authorized to announce that J. M. Keichline, of Bellefonte Borough, is a candidate for Tax Collector on the Democratic ticket. Subject to the decision of the voters as expressed at the primaries to be held September 19th, 1917.

THE REPUBLICAN is authorized to announce the name of Maurice J. Kelley for nomination on the Republican ticket for the office of Tax Collector in Bellefonte Borough, subject to the decision of the Republican voters as may be expressed at the primaries on September 19, 1917. Mr. Kelley will appreciate the support of all Republicans at the primaries.

Food regulation is costing a lot of money. Food is costing a lot. And Jones he pays the freight.

In any terms of peace settlement Germany's war debt will mount into billions of dollars. Who knows what course Germany may pursue, say ten years from now, to compel the United States to help pay the bill?

The member of Troop L who had the experience with the cat in George Furey's orchard, below town, need have no fears of the terrors of the trenches in France. Said trooper might be said to be experienced in the matter of sudden catastrophies.

The Kaiser in breaking all rules of war fare pronounced them to be no more than mere scraps of paper. And yet there are some who seem willing to bargain with the Kaiser for terms of peace. Look out for more "mere scraps of paper."

The United States entered the war because of the principles involved. How can we engage in any peace proposition that does not consider these principles. Germany can restore the land of poor, outraged Belgium, but Germany can never wipe out the stain of violating the womanhood of that country.

THEY ARE NOT SLACKERS.

One hears more or less criticism these days of the large number of claims for exemption filed by young men drafted for military service. In nine cases out of ten such claims are for dependency causes. As might be expected, the criticism comes largely from persons free from the draft. The young man who is married and has a family has little opportunity with the high cost of living to accumulate a surplus. He is fortunate if able to get along and keep out of debt. His first duty is to support his family to the very best of his ability. When such a young man who has been drafted steps forward and frankly says that his family is dependent upon him he is not a "slacker" in any sense of the word and he should not be criticised. It is always easy for one person to criticise another's affairs, particularly when he knows nothing of the real facts. As we have remarked before, the young man who goes to the front will be a better soldier if he can know that his country is taking care of the wife and children left at home without support. He does his duty to the country when he shoulders a gun and goes to the front. Is it not the duty of his country to care for those he is no longer able to support? We think so.

Physician's Resignation Refused.

A physician on one of the exemption boards in the eastern part of the State has forwarded his resignation to registration headquarters in Harrisburg because "hay fever" season has arrived. The doctor explained that because he is a hay fever sufferer he wants to go to another climate until cooler weather appears.

In the meanwhile every question asked men appearing for examination is being followed by a sneeze, and will be for some time to come, for officials will not accept the resignation.

Important W. C. T. U. Meeting

Next Friday afternoon at 3 o'cock there will be an important meeting of the W. C. T. U., in Petrikin Hall. The committee in charge of the Petrikin Hall fund will make its annual report and all members and others interested are invited to be present. The annual election of officers will also take place and other matters taken up that need attention.

Read "The Republican" $1.50 a year in advance.

ADDITIONAL LOCALS

William P. Humes left Wednesday morning on a business trip to Somerset.

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Miller, of Hublersburg, greeted friends in town on Wednesday.

Thomas Totsock, Jr., of Bethlehem, is visiting at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Totsock, on east Curtin street.

Miss Louise Brachbill, of Bellefonte, is entertaining Miss Maude Albright, of Lock Haven, and Mrs. George Haworth, of Worthington, Wa.

Mr. and Mrs. Bud Benner, of Buffalo Run, have returned from Sandy Ridge where they had been visiting at the home of Mrs. William Resides.

Mrs. Silas Wetmore and son, who had been visiting her mother and brother, Dr. David Dale, left for their home in Florence, S. C., today (Thursday.)

Postmaster A. S. Garman was in Bellefonte this week with a gentleman who was demonstrating the new Stanley Steamer automobile. It is believed that in time the Steamer will be a most popular car.

Harvey Griffith, of Bellefonte, is packup his household goods prior to moving to Philadelphia where he and his wife expect to round out their days. Mr. and Mrs. Griffith have been in this vicinity for a great many years and they will be missed.

Last Thursday Harold Ward, son of Dr. and Mrs. J. E. Ward, left Bellefonte for Williamsport to be examined for the Ordnance Reserve Corps. The right officer not being present he was not given a thorough examination until the following Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harris Olewine, after a wedding trip through the New England States in an automobile, arrived in Bellefonte last Thursday. They were accompanied from Philadelphia by Mrs. Olewine's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Gilbert, who have been spending the week very pleasantly at the Olewine home on Spring street. Of course, much of the time was spent in the automobile which carried them to the many places of interest for which Centre county is noted. Wednesday Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert left for home. The time is rapidly approaching when the bride and groom will be located at State College, where the groom has a position under Dr. Pond, the chemist.

A. C. Musser, of Altoona, who is a lumber purchasing agent for the Pennsylvania Railroad Co., spent Sunday night at the Bush House and Monday morning he proceeded to Mifflinburg Twenty-five years ago he was a clerk in Wilson & McFarlane's hardware store in Bellefonte then located in the Humes' block occupying the site of what is now known as Crider's Exchange. Mr. Wilson sold his interest to Col. Robert McFarlane and the store was moved to High street. John I. Olewine afterward became the owner of the store. At that time Harry and Thomas K. Hicks were in the hardware business in the store now occupied by Frank E. Naginey. Mr. Musser holds a good position with the railroad company and is getting along tip-top. He was born and raised on this side of Pine Grove Mills. Facts like these remind a fellow he is "no spring chicken."

At the Western Penitentiary.

There are now about 540 prisoners at the Western Penitentiary at Rockview, near Bellefonte. These men are scattered over the territory of several thousand acres and it has been the busiest place in Central Pennsylvania. Most of the crops have been garnered which is perhaps the largest ever raised on that land. While the various crops have been prolific the gardening has gone on in a larger scale than ever before. There will be car loads of cabbage and thousands of bushels of potatoes. Onions turnips, tomatoes and all other vegetables are being raised in the same proportions. Everything has been raised in such large quantities that it will take weeks before it can be put away, even by the large army of men which is at the command of the authorities.

There will not be anything done this fall in the line of building but when next Spring comes it is thought that things will be booming again. This is destined to become one of the largest and best penal institutions in the world but it is going to require millions of dollars and considerable time to accomplish the desired end. Warden John Francies is the man for the place and he is spending much of his time figuring out the very best methods to pursue in order to get the very best out of an institution o this character. The proposition is a big one and needs careful consideration in order to reach as near perfection as possible. In time both the Western and Eastern penitentiaries will be consolidated on this large acreage which will require the very best of management.

Advertise in "The Republican."

Public Sale.

The undersigned will offer at public sale at Wagner Geiss' livery barn at one o'clock, P. M., Saturday, September 1st, two good young bay horses, weigh about 1400, each; also good dump wagon, used about six months, and set double harness, complete.

JOE STOCK.

A Noted Duelist's Last Fight

A Story of the Reign of Louis XV.

By F. A. MITCHEL

Frenchmen have been more prone to settle their differences by the code duello than any other nationality. The French also have maintained the practice longer than other people. But the French code of the sixteenth century and the French code of the twentieth century are two different propositions, the latter being an enervated form of the former. During the reign of Louis XIII. so many men were killed in duels that the government issued an edict making dueling punishable with death. In the first decade of the twentieth century there were few duels, and those were only carried to the loss of a little blood.

About the middle of the eighteenth century there flourished in Paris a duelist, Louis Fontaine, who killed so many men that at last the king sent him through the proper channel a notification that his next killing under the code would be followed by his own demise at the hands of the executioner.

The last duel of Fontaine's was especially inhuman. Young Albert Le Vert had just been married to a girl very much admired in Parisian society. One day Le Vert passed Fontaine in that street which is now Rue Rivoli. They met near where stands the Louvre. It had been raining, and the sidewalk was wet and muddy. The streets of Paris in those days were not the well paved thoroughfares they are today. Le Vert happened to step in a puddle of water and bespattered Fontaine's boots. The boots were covered with mud already, but this did not prevent Fontaine's making a pretext of the incident to send a challenge to Le Vert. The next day it was all over Paris that the young husband had been carried home mortally wounded by Louis Fontaine, the cause of the killing being that Le Vert had unintentionally bespattered Fontaine's already muddy boots.

So much indignation was excited among the Parisians that the government felt compelled to take notice of it; hence the communication sent to Fontaine.

The duelist dared not disobey the injunction, but he showed his contempt for it and public opinion by sending invitations to persons with whom he had fought and only pinked to a supper celebrating his enforced retirement from the dueling field. This act only inflamed the more the citizens of Paris, especially Le Vert's sympathizers. The government was not in a position to forbid the supper. At any rate, it did not attempt to prevent it, and the invitations were generally accepted, for those of Fontaine's former admirers whom he had not killed were duelists with sufficient skill to have saved their lives. Such men were inclined to be proud of having been out with the noted Fontaine and did not conceal the fact that they would be present at his supper celebrating his retirement.

So far as the duelists were concerned the meeting was a success. Among those whose relatives had been killed either by the host or some one of his guests there were mutterings, and during the evening a number of them gathered at the house of a man who had lost a son by Fontaine's hand, and it was proposed that they go to the place where the celebration was being carried on and express their disapprobation.

Men in those days wore side arms, so it was not necessary that they should provide weapons which they might find necessary. Most of them had rapiers, but some carried the clumsy pistol in vogue at that time. They marched to the house where the supper was being eaten and, stationing themselves under a window, began to jeer and groan.

Fontaine, seizing a pistol, went to the window, followed by his guests, and stood out on a balcony. Some one below fired a shot at the gang above. This was a signal for the duelists to send a fusillade down into the protestants, whereupon the latter immediately dispersed, some of them having been wounded. They were followed by ha, ha's from the duelists, who shouted after them, calling them cowards and other contemptuous names. When the company again took their places at the supper table Fontaine addressed his guests, expressing his regret that he had been stopped from exercising "self defense," as he called it, in the only way befitting a gentleman. But the government was too powerful for him to oppose, and he must needs retire on his laurels already won. He had fought his last duel.

When the meeting broke up the guests all pledged this admirable representative of the custom they advocated. Then as they passed out each took him by the hand, expressing the expectation that since he had passed his last danger he would live a long life in comfort.

When the door had closed on the last departing guest Fontaine threw himself into the chair he had occupied at the head of the table. Whether it was the change from conviviality to loneliness or whether "that still, small voice" spoke to him, a depression came upon him in contrast with his recent exhilaration. He closed his eyes and, to shade them, covered them with his hand.

While sitting there before him passed all his encounters, most of which were crimes. Last of all came the murder of young Le Vert, whom he had snatched from his bride before the honeymoon had passed. There being no one present before whom his pride would induce him to show his usual braggadocio, he emitted a suppressed groan.

It seemed to him that it was answered by a sigh—a wail, rather—from one near him.

He opened his eyes.

There at the other end of the table, facing him, her sad eyes bent upon him, sat a woman. She was young and beautiful, but she wore the garb of a widow.

As Fontaine lowered his hand from his eyes it trembled. He had heard no one enter. Was this the shade of the widow of one of his victims? He would have questioned her as to who she was and how she came there, but this man who had faced steel and lead imperturbably was now deprived of his voice.

The visitor sat like a statue, gazing at him through a pair of lustrous eyes that seemed to his excited imagination to grow larger and larger, until they enveloped his soul. He sat staring at her as one paralyzed.

Finally her lips moved.

"You are supposed, monsieur, to have fought your last fight. You have celebrated your retirement from the field of your many murders; you have counted your victims. There is one of whom you have not taken note."

She paused. Fontaine, in an almost inaudible voice, asked her whom he had omitted.

"Yourself," was the reply.

Fontaine shuddered.

"All Paris longs for your taking off. You easily drove away strong men tonight because they feared you. You cannot drive me away, because you fear me. You have celebrated your last duel before the fact. It is yet to be—with a weak woman."

"May I ask, madame," gasped Fontaine, "who it is that has honored me with this visit?"

"I am Christine Le Vert, the widow of your last victim."

Again Fontaine shuddered.

"You separated me from my husband not a week after our marriage and blighted my life. You are said to have splendid nerve, M. Fontaine. It remains for you to prove that you have better nerve than one who is indifferent to existence."

"I cannot fight a woman."

"This is no test of strength nor of skill. It is a mere matter of nerve. Therefore it is no stigma upon your brilliant career to fight with me. Come, M. Fontaine, let us begin. The cocks will begin to crow soon, and you must die before the first rays of the sun gild the summit of Montmartre."

From under her cloak she produced two pistols. They were of the old type, large and single barreled, with flintlocks. One she tossed to Fontaine, the other she laid on the table before her."

"Madame," Fontaine began, "I protest"—

"A protest will avail you nothing, monsieur. I have been sent to close this career of yours as is befitting. You have shed the blood of some of the best men in France. It is meet that the end of your deeds should be brought about by one of the softer sex."

Fontaine slowly put out his hand and as slowly clasped his fingers about the weapon. A singular look came upon his face—a diabolical look—but it vanished as quickly as it had come. It expressed a thought to raise the weapon and kill his tormenter before she could fire. That it was only momentary was the only redeeming trait in the fiend's career. He valued his career too highly to end it by murdering a woman. His opponent read what had passed in his mind, but it had no visible effect upon her. Her weapon lay before her on the table, but she made no move to take it up.

"Who shall give the word?" asked Fontaine.

"You."

He sat still, benumbed.

"Come, M. Fontaine," said the lady. "You who have stepped up so firmly to so many frays are surely not going to weaken at this crowning exploit."

Fontaine raised his pistol with a trembling hand.

"Give the word yourself," he gasped, white as a sheet.

"One!" she said.

She raised her pistol.

"Two!"

She cocked it.

"Three!"

One shot rang out.

A gendarme passing without ran into the building, upstairs and into the room where the shot had been fired. No living being was there. Fontaine sat in his chair lifeless, his body bent forward and resting on the table. The gendarme called for assistance, and the body was examined for a wound. No wound was found. There was no weapon in the room. And yet the gendarme swore that he had heard a shot.

In the morning all Paris was talking about the turn that had taken place in this celebration of the noted duelist's last encounter. How he died no one ever knew. The doctors pronounced all his functions in perfect condition. There was not even the slightest heart weakness.

Fontaine's singular death caused the practice of settling differences by the code in France to fall away, and from that day it has degenerated. It has never since been the deadly thing it was before. True, it has since been much abused, but today dueling in France is a mere mockery of what it was.

A Rush for Watermelons.

Saturday evening a produce dealer at Tyrone received a car load of watermelons. On account of the weather and the retarded transit they were not in the best condition to keep over Sunday. The result was that they sold at the car for ten cents apiece and there was a general stampede to secure them. Pretty nearly everybody in the railroad centre had this luxury for dinner Sunday. We suppose the next morning the Tyrone druggists were rather busy.

MANSARD'S ROOF.

By It the Architect Won His Son's Life From Louis XIV.

The great hall of the Hotel de Ville of Arles, designed by Mansard, is the wonder and admiration of every one who has seen it on account of the groined roof.

In regard to this a neighboring cafetier tells a somewhat grim story. King Louis XIV. happened to be passing through the city just at the time Mansard was superintending the completion of his creation. The roof was supported by a powerful pillar. The monarch admired the work and congratulated the architect on his design. At that moment the architect was passing through great domestic tribulation. He had a son under sentence of death, so he thought it would be a good opportunity to intercede on behalf of the lad.

Mansard threw himself at the feet of the king and said; "Your majesty sees in the center that massive column? If you will spare the life of my son I will remove the unsightly pillar, and the roof shall stand without support." "Mansard," replied the king, "if you accomplish that miracle I will pardon your son, but if you fail I will hang you with him."

The architect removed the pillar without great difficulty and with the result desired. The cafetier is a philosopher, and he concludes his story with the reflection that had not Mansard's son been a scamp the hall at Arles would be just like any other hall. —London Globe.

To put the elbows on the table is to confess indifference to rules of etiquette. This attitude should remain peculiar to grillrooms, where it originated. Those who observe the details of good form keep their hands in their laps when not employed with the knife and fork.—Pittsburgh Press.

To Shingle Users.

We have succeeded in securing several car loads of the famous Pacific Coast Red Cedar shingles. Send in your orders while they last.

P. B. CRIDER & SON,
Bellefonte.

When baby suffers with eczema or some itching skin trouble, use Doan's Ointment. A little of it goes a long way and it is safe for children. 60c. a box at 11 stores.

State of Ohio, city of Toledo, } ss
Lucas County }

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

(Seal) A. W. GLEASON
Notary Public

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and foucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY, & CO., Toledo, Ohio
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Market Quotations.

(Corrected by Weaver Bro. Grocers)

Butter	35
Eggs	25

GRAIN MARKET
(Corrected by Gamble & Gheen)

Wheat	$1.05
Corn	1.00
Oats	60
Rye	1.00

Mules For Sale!

Always from 100 to 300 head of Horses and Mules of all description for sale at my stable in York, Pa.

JOE KINDIG

NIAGARA FALLS

Personally Conducted Excursions

August 24, September 7, 21, and October 5

Round $9.00 Trip

From Bellefonte

SPECIAL ALL-STEEL TRAIN of Pullman Parlor Cars, Restaurant Car, and Day Coaches

Daylight Ride through Picturesque Susquehanna Valley

Tickets good going on Special Train and connecting trains, and returning on regular trains within FIFTEEN DAYS. Stop-off at Buffalo on return trip.

Illustrated Booklet and full information may be obtained from Ticket Agents.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Red Cross Knitters Needed.

At the meeting of the Bellefonte Chapter of the American Red Cross held last Wednesday evening an appeal from Albert W. Staub, director of the Atlantic Division, was presented in which the Chapter is asked to furnish a quota of 200 mufflers, pairs of wristlets and pairs of socks, each, following the request from Major Grayson Murphy.

Bellefonte Chapter and its auxiliaries will be canvassed by members of the local Red Cross organization for volunteers for knitting these woolen articles. Miss Lida E. Morris, chairman of the departmentof knitting, has charge of this work. Wool and needles, with instructions, will be delivered to the several knitters as soon as the materials are received. All finished articles must be sent to her as soon as possible, with the name of the knitter sewed on the article. The inquiry asks what amount can be shipped weekly and what material is completed for immediate shipment. Prompt execution of this commission is therefore essential.

The Red Cross rooms in Petrikin hall will be opened every Wednesday afternoon for knitting in order to help anyone who needs instruction. Volunteers may call Miss Lida E. Morris, chairman, on either telephone.

Walking to California.

An oddly attired couple entered Bellefonte Saturday and of course, rece d their share of notoriety from the pedestrians on the street. The question of the hour seemed to be who are they and from whence did they come? Upon inquiry it was found their names were Mr. and Mrs. John Davis, of Philadelphia, who are walking from Allentown to San Francisco on a wager of $2000. They left Allentown, August 9th, and are expected to cover the distance of 3500 miles in 120 days. They are entitled to sell postal cards to help them get something to eat and a bed to sleep. Several times they stopped by the wayside at night and the only covering they had was the canopy of the heavens.

Mr. Davis previously made two similar tramps—first from Philadelphia in 114 days, and the last from Harrisburg in 104 days, arriving at his destination the second day of the opening of the Panama-Pacific exposition and received a purse of $3500 for the most unique way of reaching San Francisco. Mr. Davis claims that his wife has retarded him a little on this trip but that they will come out all right. Mrs. Davis is to receive an extra $400 if she makes the trip. She can ride in an automobile provided she is asked to ride. Mr. and Mrs. Davis seem to be very pleasant people and hope to cover the distance in ten days less than is required.

New Teachers at State College.

Seventeen additional appointments to the faculty of the Pennsylvania State College have been announced. In most instances the new appointees will fill recently created positions, few of them replacing instructors who have left college. The new members of the teaching staff are:

Animal Husbandry Department—Clair W. McDonald, Rochester, Pa., and M. F. Grimes, Delaware. Chemistry Department—J. H. Olewine, Bellefonte. Engineering Extension—Henry Dawst, New Hampshire, and C. G. Gaum, Pennsylvania. Engineering Experiment Station—P. X. Rice, Pennsylvania. Home Economics Extension—Ruth Whiting, Massachusetts; Jeanette Leatherman, New York; Elizabeth Grubbs, Latrobe; Sara Packard, Connecticut; Margaret Hiller, Honesdale; Elsie Lyons, Brownsville; Sadie Smith, Falls Creek; Grace Armstrong, New York; Mary R. Fisher, Kansas; Mary L. McLean, Washington. Leo Anties, of Colorado, was appointed to the Department of Zoology.

Feeds and Feeding.

The Centre County Farm Bureau made arrangements for a meeting at Spring Mills to discass the question of Feeds and Feeding. It will be held on Friday August 24th, in Grange Hall.

Arrangements have been made with Mr. Bulkley, of the Dairy Extension Department, to give a talk on the feeding value of various feeds and the importance of feeding balanced rations in so far as possible. This will afford an excellent opportunity for the farmers of Penns Valley to discuss and exchange ideas as to the relative merits of various feeds and the possibilities of co-operative buying.

End of War in September.

Employes of No. 3 mill of the Mount Vernon Woodbury Cotton Duck company, Baltimore, were excited when two cobwebs were found, one on each side of the gate. The spider on the right had made his web in a form which spelled out in bold letters "War ends in September" while his neighbor on the left told in letters just as plain, "Victory for America."

The words were discovered by one of the factory girls. An expert draftsman could not have formed the letters more perfectly.

Sunday School Convention.

The Sunday schools of District No. 10, Ferguson township, will hold a convention in the Lutheran church at Pine Grove Mills on Sunday, September 16th, afternoon and evening. All members of these Sunday schools, and friends, are urgently requested to attend.

Correspondence

Dix

Please Notice. There will be a picnic held on the Dix School house grounds Sept. 1st, for the benefit of the Dix Union Sunday school. Would be glad to see every one. Swings will be provided to amuse the children. A festival will follow in the evening. Come all.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Lewis and son, of Tyrone, spent Sunday at the home of Mrs. Lewis' father, David Lewis.

Misses Ruth and Rebo Steward, of Clearfield, were recent guests of Mrs. Elmer Nearhoof.

Miss Mildred Wilson is spending some time with her sister, Mrs. Elmer Nearhoof.

Miss Emma Reese, of Tyrone, is spending her vacation with her mother, Mrs. Reese.

Mosey Reese is wearing a broad smile over the arrival of a little daughter.

Miss Mary Crossin, of Ramey, is spending a week at the home of Mrs. Allen Hoover.

Miss Allie McMonigal, of Bellwood, is spending a week with her father, James McMonigal.

Mrs. Biddle, of Tyrone, is spending a week with her brother, Charles Miller.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Lego and daughters, Pendryd and Frances; Mr. and Mrs. John Lego and Mrs. Emma Lego, of Tyrone, spent Sunday at the home of W. T. Lego.

Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Burns and daughter, Nellie, of Tyrone, spent Saturday with her father. Pias Richards.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Henderson and children, of Trafford City, are spending several weeks at the home of her father, Pias Richards.

Harold Shope, of Port Matilda, spent Saturday with his friend, Miss Joy Richards.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Erhart and children, of Trafford, are spending several weeks with Mrs. Erhart's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Henderson.

Miss Freda Kelly spent Saturday in Tyrone.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Jordon and children, of Pitcairn, spent Saturday and Sunday at the home of Miss Nannie Weaver.

Mr. and Mrs. Philips and children, and Miss Nannie Sankey, of Philipsburg, spent Saturday with Miss Nannie Weaver.

Mr. and Mrs. Jay Woomer and children, of Lewistown, spent Sunday at the W. T. Lego home, also Rev. and Mrs. James Moses, Mr. and Mrs. James Rorabaugh and children, and Mr. and Mrs. Allen Hoover.

Miss Jessie Williams is spending a week with friends in Williamsport.

William Nearhoof, who belongs to 1st, Penna Cavalary, spent Friday at home.

Mr. and Mrs. LeRoy Hoover, of Altoona, are spending some time at Mr. Hoover's home.

William Orwick is very poorly at this writing.

John Orwick, infant son of Edward Orwick, was buried on last Tuesday at the Mt. Pleasant cemetery.

Boalsburg.

The Centre county Farm Agent will show pictures in Boal Hall, Thursday August 30, at 8 o'clock. This is to prepare boys to enter the Stock Judging Contest at Grangers' Picnic. All boys from the ages of 12 to 21 can enter the contest.

There will be regular preaching in the Lutheran church on Sunday morning and an illustrated lecture on Sunday evening, August 26.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank McFarlane and and Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Keller spent Sunday at Mifflintown.

Mr. A. W. Dale and daughter, Ella, attended a grange meeting at Port Matilda on Tuesday.

Among the Sunday visitors at the George Kaup home were: Mrs. John Fisher, son John, and grandson, Jack, of Bellefonte, and Samuel Kaup and two children, of Altoona.

While gathering vegetables from the garden on Saturday afternoon Mrs. Laura Bricker was bitten on the foot by a snake. Mrs. Bricker suffered great pain from this bite but is now improving.

Mr. and Mrs. George Mothersbaugh and family spent Sunday at the O. L. Mothersbaugh home.

Miss Cathryn Dale spent Tuesday in Bellefonte.

Mrs. Roy Peterson and two children and sister Miss Hazel Reish, of Altoona, were guests at the home of their aunts, Misses Mary Reish and Nora Miller, from Thursday until Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Felty and daughter and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Felty, of Altoona, spent a short time with relatives here last week.

Mrs. Dorsey Struble, of State College, spent Sunday with her sister, Mrs. Willis Houtz.

Miss Phoebe Gettig, of Altoona, spent several days of last week with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Meyer.

Soldier Given Up as Dead.

Given up as being dead by friends and relatives in Altoona who had not heard from him for fourteen years, Sergeant Robert Gardner, United States regular army, arrived in Altoona recently and was the guest of his sisters, Mrs. Thomas Vaughn and Mrs. Lloyd Vaughn, the latter being the wife of the city patrolman.

Sergeant Gardner is a native of Blair county and was born near Duncansville. He is a son of Captain John Gardner, now deceased, and resided in Altoona until 1903 when he went west, located in Nebraska and began an army career, after serving as deputy Sheriff for a year.

Stationed at St. Paul, Minn., with his regiment, temporarily, the sergeant was recently notified that he would be sent to France soon. He was granted a few days' furlough to come east and at the same time say "hello" and "good-bye" to his relatives. His sisters and friends were greatly amazed when he arrived and surprised them. The young man expects to return to his post of duty later in the month.

Sergeant Gardner has traveled extensively since joining the army, having served in the Philippines, Mexico and in United States territories and other possessions.

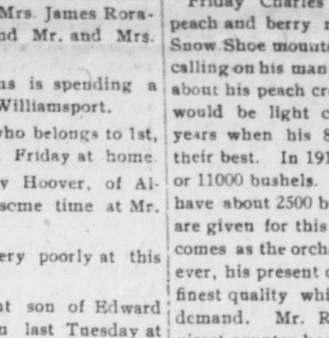
Reese, the Peach Man.

Friday Charles Reese, the famous peach and berry raiser, who resides on Snow Shoe mountains, was in Bellefonte calling on his many friends. When asked about his peach crop this year he said it would be light compared with former years when his 8000 trees were doing their best. In 1915 he had 22000 baskets or 11000 bushels. This year he will only have about 2500 bushels. Many reasons are given for this shrinkage all of which comes as the orchards grow older. However, his present crop will be of the very finest quality which is always in great demand. Mr. Reese has one of the nicest country homes in the county and besides making a specialty of raising peaches he marketed this season 573 crates of Cumberland black cap and plumb farmer rasp berries. They are the best flavored grown and nobody pays more attention to their cultivation than just Mr. Reese. If you go to his farm any time you will find it in tip top shape which is a guarantee that anything coming from his place is "up to snuff."

Marriage Licenses.

Register Frank Sasserman has issued the following marriage licenses:

Geo. E. Hartman, Elizabeth F. Scandrol,	Etna Milesburg
James Parkes, Julia McCabe,	Philipsburg Wigton
Geo. W. Paulhamus, Louise M. Lebzelter,	Williamsport "
Landis Shank, Kathryn Bair,	Landisville Lancaster



Up on the Roof—

is where the actual test of roofing value is determined.

Red Seal Brand

Western Red Cedar Shingles stand the test.

See them before you buy your roofing

P. B. CRIDER & SON - - BELLEFONTE, PA.

A ROYAL TRAGEDY

The Gloomy Paths That Led to the End of the Romanoffs.

PLOTS OF A MODERN BORGIA.

A Russian Writer's Picture of the Czarina of Alexander III., Maria Feodorovna, and Her Ruthless Efforts to Grasp the Reins of Power.

In her book, "Russia of Yesterday and Tomorrow," Baroness Souiny, widow of a Russian nobleman, gives the following behind the scenes glimpse of the tragedy of the last of the Romanoff dynasty:

Gayety did not mark the reign of Alexander III. Shadows of pale fear followed the heavy czar and obscured his life and that of Maria Feodorovna, the Danish princess. Her whole hope was in the future, and with the atavism of queens who mixed poisons for their husbands she dreamed of her own autocracy.

With the terrible ambition of ruling Russia the czarina did not prevent her husband from heavy drinking. The giant's heart was weak.

Circumstances favored the hopes of Maria Feodorovna. Secretly she formed her party, the camarilla of Maria Feodorovna. Her sons were frail little boys with all kinds of inherited diseases. The czarevitch, the stubborn little Nicholas, was no obstacle to her. Her sons became men, and Alexander, notwithstanding his heart disease, lived longer than the physicians prophesied. Maria Feodorovna became restless.

All the czarina's schemes developed rapidly. Alexander's enormous body swelled and swelled. Day and night he sat in his big armchair, tortured by suffocation and worrying about Nicholas, who was so poor a czarevitch.

Maria Feodorovna smiled on the czarevitch's pseudo court. She let her camarilla nourish and support his idea of marrying a dancer. Then, she was sure, his light as czar would never burn, and Michael, who was sick and good natured, would be only too glad to leave the reins of the government in the hands of his mother.

The ministers revealed to the czar the dangerous ideas of the czarevitch and the machinations of Maria Feodorovna's camarilla. He was still the czar, though the dying czar. He summoned Nicholas and forced on him his marriage to the Princess Alix of Hesse.

Alexander III. expired. The pomp of the funeral was over. The czarina mother took up her residence at the Annitschkof palace, the residence of the widows of the czars.

The czarina's hope was in the child she was expecting. Her firstborn was a princess, and the poor czarina became timid before sinister fate. She saw herself and the czar drifting apart under the influence of the czarina-mother. Her second child, so anxiously longed for, came. Again a little girl.

The morning came when the sound of all the bells, followed by the twenty-one gun salute, announced to all Russia the birth of an heir.

The czarina mother, Maria Feodorovna, had to carry the child, the unwelcome grandson who annihilated all her efforts and her ambitions for her son Michael. She held the little bit of potential manhood in her arms, breathing on the babe wordless curses. Poor little boy so ardently longed for and then persecuted at his entrance into the world!

The czarina trembled for her new happiness. Her little treasure had to be watched, and even then she was never sure which of all the nurses or ladies in waiting, bought by the czarina mother, might betray her.

The camarilla never hesitated at assassination. Positively true is the story that one morning when the czarevitch was put into his bath the czarina, in a neighboring room, heard the child utter a terrible scream, followed by heipless whining. She rushed into the nursery to find the boy lying in his tub with a blue face and desperately struggling to get out of this death bringing danger. The czarina snatched her son out of ice water. The terrible mistake was attributed to the nurse.

All that was not plotted by the anarchists the cruel, fantastic camarilla invented. The little freedoms of the young sovereigns were under terrible espionage. For every theater party, for every entertainment, they provided cleverly arranged and dramatically discovered assassins.

The camarilla worked well. Terror crept through the palace, crept through the doors into the private rooms of the sovereigns. They fled from the capital to bury themselves in the solitude of Tsarsko Selo, nowhere sure that plots would not be forged in their closest entourage.

And so it was and so the grim tragedy was enacted until the revolution that sealed the fate of the luckless dynasty.

A Suggestive Hint.

A certain eminent lawyer was appointed head of a government department, and he was anxious that all the members of the staff should work together in unison. He summoned the leading officials and after delivering an address on the desirability of thorough co-operation concluded by saying: "Gentlemen, in my profession when a jury disagrees it is discharged. I think I need say no more."—London Mail.

Between the great things that we cannot do and the small things we will not do the danger is that we shall do nothing.

Death of Sarah C. Norris.

After an illness of several months with heart trouble Miss Sarah Comley Norris passed away Friday afternoon at 5 o'clock at the home of her sister, Mrs. E. Norris Bogle at what is known as the Forge House, a short distance south of Bellefonte. The deceased was the daughter of John and Lucy Comley Norris and was born at the family home at Milton which has been held by the Norris family for five generations. Her age was 74 years, 1 month and 1 day. She was a lady who was held in the highest esteem by her friends both in Bellefonte and Milton. She was the personification of all that was good and true and her kindly assistance will be missed by many. Deceased belonged to the Episcopal church and lived a life consistent with its teachings. She is survived by one sister, Mrs. E. Norris Bogle, of Bellefonte, and a niece and nephew, Miss Sarah Bogle, of Pittsburgh, and J. Norris Bogle, of Manilla, Philippine Islands. The funeral, which was private, was held at noon Monday and in the afternoon the remains were taken to Milton where interment was made in the family burying plot. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. R. Dep. Maynard, pastor of the Bellefonte Episcopal church.

Mrs. Mary K. Mallory Dead.

Mrs. Mary Katherine Mallory, of Altoona, aged 74 years, died at her home at 7 o'clock Friday evening of diseases incident to old age. She was born in Huntingdon county, being a member of the Nonemaker family, well known in that section, and was united in marriage to John Calvin Mallory more than fifty years ago. He died in 1907. Eight children survive as follows: Harry, George, Willard and Jennie, at home; Mary, of Kalispell, Mont.; Mrs. W. D. Rhodes, Mrs. Frank Robinson and Edward Mallory, all of that city. One brother, George Anderson, of Indiana, and two sisters, Mrs. Elizabeth Robb, of Bellefonte, and Mrs. John Poorman, of Summerhill, also survive. There are also thirteen surviving grandchildren and two great grandchildren. Mrs. Mallory during her life in Altoona, was a member of the Memorial Baptist church. The funeral was held with services at the late home at 2.30 o'clock Monday afternoon, in charge of the Rev. Clayton Grinnell. Interment was made in Rose Hill cemetery. The family at one time resided in Bellefonte on Pine street in the house occupied by George Mallory, who is a brother in-law of the deceased.

Rookie Shoots Himself.

James Wileman, 20 years old, died at the Lewistown hospital Monday night from a bullet wound in the right temple, self-inflicted. Wileman, whose home is at Oakland, Juniata county, was a rookie in Company M, Eighth regiment, N. G. U. S., who are quartered in the market house at waiting orders to entrain for the south. He was at the home of Mrs. Elizabeth LaMay, of Yeagertown, and was handling a 32-calibre revolver. After a caution to carefulness, he was whirling it about when it accidentally discharged the bullet lodging above his right eye.

Veterans Picnic at Hecla Park.

The Veterans' Association of Clinton county will hold its annual picnic at Hecla park on Thursday, August 30th. Committees have been at work for some time and have completed all arrangements. The Mill Hall band has been engaged to furnish music for the occasion and Rev. A. D. Bateman will be the speaker of the day.

It will be a basket picnic and the public is invited to attend and spend the day in the woods with the veterans.

Rev. Benj. H. Mosser Dead D. D.

Rev. Dr. Benjamin Henry Mosser, pastor of Duke Street Methodist Episcopal church, of York, and superintendent of the Juniata district of the denomination from 1909 to 1915, died Tuesday from a complication of diseases at the age of 61 years.

To feel strong, have good appetite and digestion, sleep soundly and enjoy life, use Burdock Blood bitters, the family system tonic. Price, $1.00.

COURT PROCLAMATION.

Whereas the Honorable Henry C. Quigley President Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of the 49th. Judicial District, consisting of the County of Centre, having issued his precept, bearing date the 18th day of August, 1917, to me directed, for holding a Court of Common Pleas, Orphans' Court, Court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace, Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery, in Bellefonte, for the county of Centre, and to commence on the

FOURTH MONDAY OF SEPTEMBER

being the 24th day of September, 1917, and to continue two weeks.

NOTICE is hereby given to the Coroner, Justices of the Peace, Aldermen and Constables of said county of Centre, that they be then and there in their proper persons at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of the 2th, with their records, inquisitions, examinations and their own remembrances, to do those things which to their office appertains to be done, and those who are bound in recognizances, to prosecute against the prisoners that are or shall be in the jail of Centre county, be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just.

Given under my hand, at Bellefonte, the 18th day of August, in the year of our Lord 1917, and the one hundred and forty-first year of the Independence of the United States of America.

GEO. H. YARNELL, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Bellefonte, Pa
August 18th, 1917.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

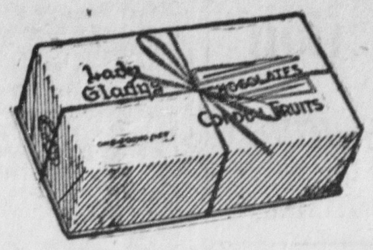
Estate of William Cronoble, late of Spring Township, Centre County, Pa.

Letters testamentary in the above named estate have been issued to the undersigned to whom all persons indebted to the same will make prompt payment and those having claims will present them without delay.

MRS. JOSEPHINE CRONOBLE,
Pleasant Gap.

GEORGE H. YARNELL,
Bellefonte, Pa.,
Executors.

Lady Gray Chocolates!



SPECIAL FOR 33c FULL POUND BOX

Crisp, rich chocolates with luscious Nut and Fruit filling, in a well assorted variety, and we guarantee them to be better than any other confections you can purchase at anything like this price. If you are not highly satisfied your money will be refunded without question.

GREEN'S PHARMACY CO.

The Rexall Store

BELLEFONTE - PA.

Notice of Primary Election

In accordance with an Act of Assembly known as the Uniform Primaries Act approved July 12, 1913, and supplements thereto, notice is hereby given that a Primary Election will be held on

WEDNESDAY, THE 19th DAY OF SEPTEMBER, 1917

at which time the polls will be open from 7 o'clock A. M. to 7 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of nominating candidates for the following offices to be voted for at the Municipal Election to be held November 6th, 1917:—

COUNTY OFFICES

Each political party is entitled to nominate persons for the following County Offices:

Two Jury Commissioners

TOWNSHIP, PRECINCT, BOROUGH AND WARD OFFICES

Each political party is entitled to nominate persons for the following offices:

Judge of Elections
Inspectors of Elections
Assessor
Registry Assessor
Councilmen
Burgess
Tax Collector
Auditors
Township Supervisors
Justices of the Peace
School Directors

Notice is also hereby given that petitions to have the names of candidates printed upon the ballots of the Township Precinct, Borough and Ward offices for which nominations are to be made, as well as for party offices to be elected therein, must be filed in the office of the County Commissioners at Bellefonte, Pa., on or before August 22, 1917.

DANIEL A. GROVE,
Attest: WM. H. NOLL, Jr.,
HARRY N. MEYER, ISAAC MILLER,
Clerk. County Commissioners
Bellefonte, Pa., July 23, 1917.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of a writ of Fieri Facias, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County, Pennsylvania, and to me directed, there will be exposed to public sale at the Court House, in the Borough of Bellefonte Pa., on

MONDAY, AUGUST 27, 1917,

at 1:30 o'clock P. M., the following described real estate, to wit:

All that piece or parcel of land situate in the Township of Snow Shoe, Centre County, Pa., bounded and described as follows:

Beginning at a point of intersection on East side of the Township road leading from Kato, Pa., to Clarence, Pa., and the Western corner of land now or formerly owned by F. Hayton; thence by land of F. Hayton the following courses and distances: N 35 degrees 24' E 249.6' s 58 degrees 04' E265.5', thence by land of F. W. Crider the following courses and distances: N 37 degrees 54' E 845' N 31 degrees 17' W 82' S 81 degrees 03' W 1024' to the Township road from Kato to Clarence; thence along said road the following courses and distances: S 10 degrees 22' E 413.5' S 14 degrees 33' E 82.5' S 28 degrees 06' E 178.9' to the place of beginning, containing 10 acres, be the same more or less; excepting and reserving all stone, coal iron ore, oils gas, and all other minerals, etc., with right of ingress, egress and regress. Thereon erected a frame dwelling house and other outbuildings.

Seized, levied upon, taken into execution and to be sold as the property of Andy Watowitch.

TERMS OF SALE—No deed will be acknowledged until purchase money is paid in full.

GEO. H. YARNELL, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Bellefonte, Pa.
July 21, 1916.

An Ordinance

Relative to a vacation of a portion of Olive Street, in the Borough of Snow Shoe.

Section 1. Be it ordained and enacted by the Town Council of the Borough of Snow Shoe, and it is hereby ordained and enacted by the authority of the same, that a portion of Olive Street in the said Borough, is hereby vacated, namely, all that portion thereof, fifteen feet in width, extending along the Southwesterly side thereof, beginning at the Northwestern corner of the intersection of said Street with Fourth Street, and running in a Northwesterly direction to the Borough line; thus leaving the remainder of said Street sixty-five feet in width, between Fourth Street and the Northwestern line of said Borough; it being understood that no building of any nature shall hereafter be erected on that portion of the Street hereby vacated.

Ordained and enacted at a regular meeting of the Town Council of the Borough of Snow Shoe on the 3rd day of July, A. D. 1917.

THE BOROUGH OF SNOW SHOE

J. HARRIS HOY, D. B. THOMAS,
Sec. of Town Council Pres. of Town Council

And now July, 8th, 1917, I hereby approve the foregoing ordinance.

W. C. SNYDER,
Burgess.

Notice of Annual Meeting

Notice is hereby given that the annual meeting of the members of the Bellefonte Hospital will be held at the Bellefonte Hospital on Friday Aug. 31st, 1917, at 4 o'clock p. m., for the election of members of the Board of Directors to fill such vacancies in the board as may then exist; also to pass upon all matters that may properly come before said meeting and particulary to pass upon a proposed amendment to the charter and the By-Laws of the corporation, by a proposed amendment to article V of the said Charter in such manner as to reduce the number of members of the said Board to such a number as may be then determined and set forth in a formal amendment thereof to be proposed for adoption at the said meeting.

All persons who have contributed to the support of Hospital during the last year are entitled to a vote at the said meeting.

By order of the Board of Directors.

H. E. FENLON,
Secretary.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

In the Orphans' Court of Cambria County In the Re-Estate of Paul Tote (otherwise Paul Toth,) late of Snow Shoe Township, Centre County, Pa., deceased.

Letters of administration on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims to present the same without delay to

ROBERT C. HOERLE,
First National Bank Bldg., Administrator.
Johnstown, Pa.

ESTRAY NOTICE.

One black cow with white middle and white star in forehead, about five years old, strayed from the 29th of June 1917. Five dollars reward offered for finding and returning above property to HARRY ZAZWINSKEY, Cato, Pa.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that application will be made to the Public Service Commission of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, for the approval of the sale to the State-Centre Electric Company, by W. H. Long, doing business under the name and style of The Long Electric Company, of all the franchises and rights vested in him, either individually or under the name and style of The Long Electric Company, to supply light, heat and power, or either of them, by electricity, to the public in the Borough of Howard, County of Centre and State of Pennsylvania, the hearing on which will be held in the rooms of the Commission, at Harrisburg, on Wednesday, September 5th, 1917, at 9.30 o'clock A. M., when and where all persons in interest may appear and be heard, if they so desire.

JOHN S. FISHER,
Solicitor.

Penny-A-Word Column

ARCHITECT—Anna W. Keichline, Bellefonte, Pa.

FOR SALE—Badger Dairy Feed, 24 per cent Protein, go to J. S. Waite & Co.

FOR RENT—Desirable house, with bath. Inquire of A. E. Schad, Bellefonte, Pa.

FOR RENT—Five room house on north Penn street. Inquire of Herbert Auman, Bellefonte.

Fire insurance and automobile at a reduced rate.
4-mo J. M. KEICHLINE, Agent.

FOR SALE—Building lots for sale or rent. Inquire Green's Pharmacy Co., Bellefonte, Pa.

FOR SALE—A Maxwell touring car—1916 model. Inquire of Montgomery & Co., Bellefonte, Pa.

LET MADAM KOSMOS—Help you by giving your Life Prediction. Send birth date and dime. E. K. KOSMOS, Box 291, Louisville, Ky.

FOR SALE.—One hundred acres, more or less, adjoining the borough of Milesburg. Inquire at Green's Pharmacy, Bellefonte, Pa.

SINGLE MEN—Tenant men wanted on farms at once. Come prepared to start work; $30 to $45 per month. Empire Agency, 140 Castle St., Geneva, N. Y.

FOR SALE—Walnut bed room suite with a marble top bureau and washstand. Inquire of Mrs. Chas. Segner, Boalsburg, Pa.

WANTED—A blacksmith to do shoeing and make repairs on mine cars. Address Harbison-Walker Refractories Co. Monument, Pa.

AGENTS.—Big pay and automobile furnished free to agents placing sample of new necessity with automobile owners. Address President, Orolo Manufacturing Co., Louisville, Ky.

FOR SALE—$100.00 Typewriter, Remington No. 10 Visible, slightly used, as good as new. Must sell quick. $65.00. J. H. Engel, 527 Pine St., Williamsport, Pa.

FOR SALE—One good as new (used 4 days) Keeler boiler; 400 square feet of actual radiation and a commercial rating 530 square feet.

T. A. Hugg, Milesburg.

FOR SALE—Five lots on North Spring Street, Bellefonte, 42½x200 feet, with large shade trees in front; also 100 acres, more or less, adjoining Milesburg borough. Inquire of Green's Pharmacy, Bellefonte, Pa.

LOST—Black cow, with mark about the size of an egg on left jaw. Strayed away two or three days ago and probably has calf by this time. Any information leave at Budinger & Co. Store at Clarence, or Cato Store, at Cato.—Steve Seposh, Cato, Pa.

AGENT—Good live man with Ford car, for this territory, to sell Woods Disc Pinch Clutch Ford Starter, only practical Ford starter on the market. Guaranteed for 1 year. Retails at $15.00. For terms write Union Sales & Supply Company, 4066 Jenkins Arcade, Pittsburgh, Pa.

AGENTS WANTED—Free to demonstrators Ovee Vacuum Butter Maker. New marvelous invention. Makes butter 4c. pound. Retails $1.50. Saves its cost first 10 minutes. Thousands will be sold. $25 daily easy. Act quick. Ovee Manufacturing Company, Louisville, Kentucky.

AGENTS WANTED—$25 to $50 Weekly in a business of your own. Don't be an Agent. Start in the Gold, Silver, Nickel etc. Plating Business. Prof. Gray's outfits are practical and complete. Work easy, profit enormous. Every family, restaurant, shop has tableware, jewelry, metal goods of all kinds to be re-plated. Every other business over-crowded—no plating shops. A grand opening in your section. Will you grasp it? Address today. GRAY & CO., Plating Works, 150 Gray Bldg., CINCINNATI O.

A Deathbed Injunction

It Was Fulfilled

By F. A. MITCHEL

In 1915 there was a lull in the fighting in Flanders. Two British officers passed each other in rear of the trenches. Both stopped and stared.

"Upon my word," exclaimed one, "if I was not sure I had no brother I would think you were my father's own son."

"The resemblance between us is remarkable," replied the other.

"What's your name?"

"Hethrington."

"Where from?"

"Formerly from England; recently from Canada."

"Are you Ralph Hethrington, who left his home in Hampshire some years ago a runaway boy?"

"I am."

"Then you are my cousin. I am Alan Hethrington."

"Heir to the barony of Medowcroft?"

"The same. Why did you run away from home?"

"It was a case of stepmother."

"I see. I know all about your stepmother. She was a bad woman. But why did you not write to your father?"

"I was a mere boy when I ran away, and I feared father would try to get me back. When I grew older I thought that since father had preferred his wife to his son the son owed him nothing."

"Your father and stepmother are both dead."

"That I know. I was found in America by the solicitor who had charge of the estate."

"You are very rich."

"My wealth does me no good here."

"I am heir to a title with nothing on which to keep it up."

"You may not need to keep it up. Only one out of every three of us will get home."

The cousins parted with an agreement to look each other up. Indeed, they met again that same evening.

"Are you going to write your folks that you have met your runaway cousin here?" Ralph asked Alan.

Alan cast a quick glance at the questioner.

"Why do you ask that question?"

"I don't know."

"I haven't written yet of meeting you, and I don't think I shall."

"Why not?"

"I have something in my mind. But I don't care to make it known to you now. I may never make it known to you. It is dependent upon a certain contingency."

Ralph did not press the matter. Alan's tone was sad, and his cousin surmised that the contingency referred to was the death of one or both of them. Ralph lived for the present and thought little of his own death, though it was ever before him. He preferred to talk with his cousin on other subjects.

"Did you leave a girl behind you?" he asked.

"Yes; Lucy Arden."

"You don't mean it! Why, Lucy and I were great chums when we were children. I used to tell her all about my stepmother's treatment of me. Lucy was my only confidant and sympathizer."

"She is a noble girl. She should marry a man more worthy of her than I am."

"Tut, tut! You're good enough for any woman. My ideas of the sex, when grown up, have been derived from my stepmother, who was not attractive."

"Your stepmother was a devil. Lucy Arden is an angel. I infer from what you say as to women that you did not leave a Canadian sweetheart behind you."

"No, I did not. Perhaps it is as well. If I am killed no one will be hurt by the loss."

"You are right," Alan rejoined sadly. "It would be better if I were similarly situated."

This was the last conversation held between the cousins in a state of quiet. Soon after it was held the Germans made one of those vigorous attempts to reach the coast which were attended with great slaughter, and both young men were wounded. One morning Ralph Hetherington woke up in a ward in a hospital, and at the other end of a long line of cots on the opposite side of the room he espied his cousin. Alan was very pale, and Ralph was some time in making out his identity.

A nurse gave Ralph the information that Alan was very badly wounded and not likely to pull through. Ralph had lost an arm, but was in no danger for his life. He arose and went over to pay his cousin a visit. Alan looked up at him with an unintelligible eagerness.

"Heaven must have sent you here," he said to Ralph. "You are all right except for the loss of that arm, I suppose."

"Yes; not scratched elsewhere. I hope you will come out all right."

"No, I won't. I'm done for. And that's the reason why I have been wanting to see you. Everything works for my plan."

"What plan?"

"You'll be retired on account of that empty sleeve and will be no more exposed to this hell."

"Better this hell than a life without a purpose."

"Listen to me. You remember what you said about leaving a girl behind to mourn you when you are killed? Well, I want to save Lucy that mourning."

"You'll do that by getting well."

"I won't get well. I'll never leave this cot alive. Now, I want you to do this: When you go home to England go as Alan Hetherington. You're enough like me to be my twin brother. Besides, this hell's crater will change any man. It has changed both of us. Lucy will believe you are I. You have what she would not get with me—a fortune. By my death you will inherit the title, but since you are supposed to be I you will get it either way. Nurse, what became of my identification tag?"

"Here it is, sir." And the nurse produced it from where she had hung it at the head of the cot.

Alan was too far gone to take it, and Ralph received it. When the nurse was out of hearing Alan, after a brief rest, proceeded.

"Hang your tag on my cot, and when I am put away as Ralph Hethrington you will be Alan Hethrington. You will give comfort to my father and mother and to the dear girl who would otherwise mourn me. Moreover, when you come into the title you will be able to keep it up as it was kept up centuries ago when Richard Hethrington received it at the hands of his sovereign.

"I desire that Lucy Arden shall receive all that she has been led to believe would be hers; that she shall be Lady Medowcroft; that she shall have the fortune you will bring to the barony."

"I see your design," said Ralph. "You would have me invalided home as her fiance and that she shall marry me believing me to be Alan Hethrington."

"There is a suitor with a fortune double yours. But I shudder at the idea of her marrying him."

Ralph Hethrington made no reply to this proposition. He was thinking of winning Lucy Arden as the man to whom she had engaged herself. He shrank from the deception. On the other hand, by perpetrating the deception she would be Lady Medowcroft and he would be enabled to bestow upon her the fortune he had made in America. What if he refused? No one could tell. But Ralph feared that she would decline the title and the wealth, possibly on conscientious scruples, possibly because she would not marry a man she did not love, for he had not seen her since she was twelve years old.

Naturally this dying request had a serious effect on the man to whom it was spoken. It was heightened by one consideration of which the man who made it was ignorant. Ralph Hethrington had carried with him to America a vision of his child friend, Lucy Arden, and it had grown into a dream that some day he might return to England and the boy and girl friendship might be replaced by the love of a man and a woman.

Singular that a plan for the realization of this dream had been provided for him by the very man who, had he lived, would have stood in his way. Ralph was stupefied. He knew not what to think about this strange fate that had overtaken him. Had Alan not made the request that he should personate him Ralph might go home and quite possibly the plan be worked out. Ralph maintaining his own identity. As it was, he felt that the request complicated matters. But he shrank from not carrying it out, in deference to his cousin's wishes.

What Ralph finally did when he was returned to England, retired from the army, was to go to his cousin's parents and say nothing as to his identity till they had shown whether or not they regarded him as their son. The father greeted him as such; the mother probably would not have done so had not her sight begun to suffer from old age.

Hethrington put off making a final decision as to whether he should personate himself or his cousin till he had met Lucy Arden. Lucy was sitting on the porch as he came up the walk.

At sight of him she arose to run to meet him, but paused. In the advancing figure she saw that which reminded her of her boy friend of years agone. Was it in the walk? Was it in the way he carried his head? Was it a peculiar way he had of swinging the arm that was left him? No matter; he was not Alan Hethrington, but Ralph Hethrington.

The figure advanced to the steps and looked up at her inquiringly.

"Ralph!" she said.

"Lucy! You know me?"

"Yes, you are Ralph Hethrington grown. I see that you have come from the war. Do you brings news of your cousin Alan?"

"Yes; he is dead."

A shiver ran through the girl's figure. Presently Ralph spoke again, in a low tone.

"Alan wished to spare those who loved him from mourning him. He asked me to personate him. I have already done so to his father and mother."

There was a long silence, during which the soldier ascended the steps and sank on to a bench. Presently Lucy said to him:

"Do not set his parents right in this matter for the present. Did Alan say anything about me?"

"Yes; he told me the relationship between you and him."

"Did he—did he ask you—to personate him to me?"

"He did," was the almost inaudible reply.

A faint color appeared in the girl's cheek.

The soldier of the empty sleeve is now Lord Medowcroft, though he was known as Alan to his uncle and aunt till they died, near together, a few months ago. He married Lucy Arden.

JAPANESE KNOTS.

They Have a Language of Their Own, and Their Making Is an Art.

The Japanese have no use for buttons, buckles or hooks and eyes. Cord serves every purpose of fastening and furnishes artistic possibilities seemingly without end.

The Japanese have hundreds of knots, made necessary by the ornamental use of cord. Some are as old as the time when history was recorded by a series of knots, just as it was in China and Peru before writing was invented. There are dozens of knots in common and ceremonial usage, and these every child can tie.

In one educational museum of Japan is a great frame of the most beautiful knots, tied in silken and gold thread. This had formed a part of Japan's exhibit at a certain world's fair. For six months this wonderful collection had hung upon the wall and only two visitors had noticed and inquired about it. Even these thought the knots must be industrial samples intended for dress trimmings. No one offered to buy the unique exhibit, no museum begged for it, and the wonderful knots were taken home again.

There is an appeal to the imagination even in the knots intended for common use. There are plum blossom, cherry blossom, iris, chrysanthemum and pine tree knots. There are fujiyama knots turtle and stork knots, the "old man's," which is easy to tie, and the "old woman's" also.

There is only one way of knotting a cord when sending a New Year's or birthday gift and another for doing up a funeral offering. There is one way to tie the brocade bag of the tea jar when it is full and another when it is empty. A sword bag, a flag or spear bag, a dispatch bag, or the box containing some precious piece of porcelain or lacquer, must each be tied in a certain way.

The ill bred person classes himself with the foreigner by ignoring such niceties of custom, and an object tied in a slovenly manner may not only bear witness to the sender's ignorance, but it may carry with it a deadly insult.—Pearson's Weekly.

THE ALBUMEN WE NEED.

Foods That Produce It and How They Compare With Meat.

"Why do we eat meat?" asks Dr. Daniel Claude in an article in Nature, and he answers his question by saying, "First to supply the albumen necessary to our bodies, then because meat is a pleasant food, easily digested and assimilated."

Many physiologists have estimated the quantity of albumen necessary to our systems and have given widely differing figures, but today it is generally held that one grain per day per kilogram of body weight is ample—that is to say, that a man weighing 160 pounds actually needs only between five and six ounces of albumen a day. Children and growing youths need more. Meat, however, is not the only food that is rich in albumen. A quarter of a Brie cheese, for instance, contains as much albumen as half a pound of beefsteak. Lentils, peas and beans are from 20 to 25 per cent albumen, which means that these vegetables are worth actually more than steak and cost far less.

According to Dr. Claude, our daily needs in the way of albumen can be satisfied by any one of the following:

Beefsteak	14 ounces
Cutlets	18½ ounces
Salted tongue	18½ ounces
Milk	2 quarts
Chicken	20 ounces
Eggs	9
Cheese	5 ounces
Almonds	25 ounces
Haricot beans	8½ ounces
Lentils	11½ ounces
Bread	29 ounces

From these it is easy to make a selection, picking those that cost the least.

Warfare In the Air.

A high powered airplane engine of the best type—say 120 to 150 horsepower—cannot be purchased for much less than $3,000. And the whole airplane, a big one, may readily cost $10,000 to $20,000.

A fast modern airplane has an average life of only about two or three hundred hours of active service—say two months at the outside. This means that to keep 10,000 airplanes on a battle line you have to be able to build 5,000 per month or more. The cost would be almost unthinkable. That is why warfare in the air for any length of time would bankrupt the world. And that in turn is why warfare in the air means the end of all warfare.—Collier's.

No Chasing.

A young man visited a jeweler's and asked to look at some wedding rings. He selected a very handsome ring, and the jeweler said:

"H'm! That one is dearer than the others. Yes, sir; I have to charge $10 extra for that one on account of the chasing."

The young man flushed.

"You won't have to chase me, mister," he said coldly. "I pay cash."

Don't Get Bored.

Don't let yourself get into the habit of being bored. It is not worth while. When you feel it coming on plunge at once into some task that will take all your time and energy. It is better to run away from certain things than to let them irritate you.—Exchange.

With the Sea Flavor.

Friend—What kind of car did you buy? Retired Sea Captain—Well, she draws about fifty feet of dust and displaces half my bank account.—Life.

Catty.

Miss Sharpe—She's her own chaperon. Greene—How's that?

"You ought to see her face."—London Answers.

The Social Ladder

There Is Money as Well as Position on the Top Round

By ETHEL HOLMES

Billy Saxton and Eunice Mainwaring were married at an unfortunate time. They had been both brought up in luxury and had met, loved and become engaged in the social whirl. But they were the last of a long line of rich people, and neither possessed anything whereon to live except their clothes, though this in Eunice's case was considerable.

Love spurred Billy to make an effort, and he secured a position giving him $25 a week. The two figured out how they would make it do, and, Cupid holding the pencil, brought their requirements within it. So they were married. But unfortunately the pan-European war came on about this time, and prices began to soar. Billy's salary remained where it was. Articles that they required rose from 50 to 100 per cent. Therefore their income was really not more than from $15 to $20 a week. Cupid, after he has got a couple off his hands by marrying them, does not further trouble himself about their affairs. The Saxtons made new figures, but the little god was not wagging the pencil, and this time the result spelled ruin.

After a long conference it was agreed between them that Billy should go to Mr. Goldwin, the head of the firm by which he was employed, call his attention to the raise in prices of necessities and ask if something could not be done to enable him to earn a better income. The next day after business hours when Mr. Goldwin was about to leave his private office Billy opened the door and walked in. Billy had on a suit he had worn at the time of his marriage, a beautiful polkadot necktie and yellow spats. Most of his attire was somewhat worn, but it was in good style, and its owner looked more like a deposed prince of the blood inquiring for a rich American wife than a mere clerk.

Billy stammered forth his case while his employer listened, rather noting the young man's aristocratic appearance than the burden of his argument. But when the request came Mr. Goldwin told his employee that, while he saw the justice of his demand, he could not grant it. The profits in his business, while prices had been rising, had fallen proportionately. True, the firm had been doing a larger business than before, but everything required in it had so risen in price that the more business done the more money lost.

Billy knew that this was not so, and the knowledge only made him feel the more bitter at the refusal. He went out sorrowful. As he made his exit the wife of the head of the firm entered. She was richly dressed and bespangled with jewels. She had come to drive her husband home in his auto.

"Who is that young man?" she asked.

"His name is Saxton. Why do you ask?"

"He's the most aristocratic looking person I have seen in a long while. Is he in your employ?"

"Yes; he has a minor clerkship."

"A minor clerkship! A young man of his age and to the manner born occupying a minor clerkship!"

"Our clerks are not appointed because they are aristocratic looking and wear fine clothes."

"Nevertheless I think I see in this young man something more valuable and ornamental than one perched on a high stool turning over the leaves of a ledger."

"Well, my dear, if you will tell me how to make him thus valuable I will see what I can do about it."

"Ask him to dinner."

Mr. Goldwin, having just refused Billy a raise in salary, was not minded to invite him to dinner. Such an invitation would suggest that the employer had reconsidered the request of the employee and would show a favoritism to one of the office force that would have a bad effect. Mr. Goldwin said that he would see about it, and the subject was dropped for the time. When Mrs. Goldwin brought it up again her husband told her that Billy had a wife and it would be out of the question to give him an invitation without including his consort. Mrs. Goldwin, not being sure that Mrs. Saxton was up to Billy's aristocratic standard, dropped the matter—at least for the time.

One Sunday Mr. and Mrs. Goldwin were reading the morning papers, he the financial articles, his wife the society columns. Mrs. Goldwin's eye alighted upon an announcement of the first appearance in the social world for some time of Mr. and Mrs. William Saxton at a function given by Mrs. Saxton's aunt, Mrs. DeVersey Mainwaring. Mrs. Goldwin at once called her husband's attention to the announcement and berated him soundly for not having given the invitation she had suggested. Mr. Goldwin, who knew something of social customs, suggested that Mrs. Saxton must be considered in the matter and raised a lot of objections, which for the time being carried his point.

But his wife, whose sole ambition in the world was to force an entrance into society, was not satisfied. After this she scrutinized the society news and saw on several occasions the names of Mr. and Mrs. William Saxton at different functions. The reason for this was that an uncle of Billy, wishing to sell a piece of property, told his nephew that he would give him a commission if he would make a sale. Billy sold the property and received $500 commission.

This uncle of Billy's was a practical matter of fact man, and Billy asked him how he could best invest the money paid him.

"Billy," said his uncle, "every man should use what he has on which to build. The only thing you have is the entree into society. There are persons who would give you a fortune for an introduction to the gilded world. But you couldn't deliver the goods. Still, in society lies your field. My advice is for you to spend your $500 in suitable clothes for yourself and wife and other necessities in keeping in with the swells. Meanwhile keep your eye skinned for a chance to make a profitable deal. Some financial magnate may take a fancy to you and give you a tip."

Billy saw the drift of the advice, and Billy's wife advocated following it with all her heart. Billy's investment in clothes was confined principally to a dress suit, and the rest of the funds devoted to apparel went to his wife. After this the names of Mr. and Mrs. William Saxton were to be found quite often in the society columns of the newspapers.

One day James Edgerton, a business acquaintance of Billy's, called upon him and told him that he was about to place a very large order for goods dealt in by the John Goldwin company. He intimated that if Billy could get him satisfactory figures he would give him the order. Billy figured that the commission involved would amount to a small fortune. He called on Mr. Goldwin and submitted the matter. Goldwin was eager to secure the order. When the bids were all in Edgerton said to Billy:

"By the bye, Saxton, is Mrs. Montgomery Saxton a relative of yours?"

"She is my aunt."

"I see by the papers that there is to be a wedding in that family in June, and all the swells will be there. Are you going?"

"Certainly."

Then the conversation turned again upon the bids. When Billy went home that evening he told Eunice about this mention of the wedding.

"Did you tell him you would get him an invitation?" asked Eunice.

"Why, no; I didn't think to do that. He is only a business acquaintance."

"Stupid! Go ask your aunt for an invitation for him and his wife, if he has a wife, and tell her that this order you are expecting from him is dependent upon her sending him one."

Billy hurried off to his aunt and upon making known his reasons for asking for the invitation received it and the next day when he called on Edgerton to talk business tossed it on the desk before which he sat. Edgerton put it in his pocket, and before Billy left him he had the order he coveted. But there was a condition attached to it—he must place it with Sampson, Bliss & Co., a firm Edgerton wished to favor.

Billy reported to Mr. Goldwin the result of the negotiations, much to that gentleman's disappointment. Goldwin had mentioned the matter to his wife, and when she asked him if he had received the order he was obliged to make known why he had not received it. He told the story Billy had told him, including the exchange of the wedding invitation for the order. There followed a storm in the Goldwin family, during which Mrs. Goldwin said she did not believe that Billy had been forced to give the order to Sampson, Bliss & Co. and if her husband had followed her suggestion to invite the Saxtons to dinner his firm would have received the order.

This put a suspicion into Mr. Goldwin's head that Billy had favored another concern in preference to his employer's, and it rankled in his heart. Billy's services were easy to replace, and when he went to his office the next day his employer showed his spleen by discharging his clerk. Billy was told the reason for his dismissal and was very much hurt thereat. He told Edgerton about it, and Edgerton went to Sampson, Bliss & Co. and secured him a position at double the salary he had been receiving.

Billy's commission on the order was some $12,000 and a new salary at $50 a week. But this was only the beginning of a successful career. It was known that he had controlled an order amounting to several hundred thousand dollars, and a number of concerns offered him a better salary than that given him by his new employer. But by the advice of Edgerton he declined them all. The truth is that Edgerton's wife was a woman well calculated for a social shiner, but had needed a start, a first appearance, to enable her to get her tentacles on those she would utilize for climbing. The invitation that came through Billy Saxton was all she required, and the next season found Mr. and Mrs. Edgerton fully recognized as members of the golden circle.

As for Mr. and Mrs. Saxton, they, too, had made a start. It was not up the social ladder, for they had been born on the top round. It was in making their social position pay financially. Mrs. Saxton has taken up the matter and with hints from her husband has already received certain tips that have enabled him to get in on the ground floor of enterprises that promise large results. The couple's ancestors would have scorned to make capital out of their social position, but the present social circle is a very different one from that of the olden time. The social circle of those days was based largely on refinement, and, although the possession of wealth has always been conducive to refinement, it was then possible for refined persons to maintain a position in society without wealth. Today that is impossible except when the position is inherited, and then only for a short period.

HEROISM IN THE NAVY.

It Is Not an Event, but a Mere Matter of Everyday Duty.

Our navy is crowded with men who will face any danger. Some years ago one of our battleships was on the battle range, with bags of powder stowed in her turrets to save time in loading and firing the guns. A spark got to the bags of powder. There were an explosion and a fire. Directly underneath was the handling room. Burning pieces of cloth fell from the turret down into the handling room. The crew of that handling room could have jumped into the passageway, made their way up a ladder and so on to the free and safe air of the open deck. What they did was to stand by to stamp out what fire they could.

Leading from the handling room were the magazines. The doors of the magazines were open. Men jumped into the magazines and buttoned the keys of the bulkhead doors so that there would be no crevice for sparks. In doing that they locked themselves in, and once in they had to stay in. Above them, they knew, was a turret full of men and officers dead and dying. They knew that fire was racing around them, too, and that the next thing would be for the people outside to flood the magazines. The magazines were flooded. When things were under control and the doors opened the water in the magazines was up to the men's necks.

While that was going on below decks in the turret were other men and officers, including the chaplain, not knowing what was going on below and expecting every moment to be blown up into the sky. But there they were, easing the last moments of the men who were not already dead. Thirty all told were killed in the turret. All concerned behaved well, but no better than they were expected to behave.

A few years ago there was a destroyer off Hatteras. It was before daybreak of a winter's morning in heavy weather. A boiler explosion blew out her side from well below the water line clear up through to her main deck. Men were killed by the explosion; others were badly scalded. A steam burn is an agonizing thing, yet some of these scalded men went back into that hell of a boiler room and hauled out shipmates who, to their notion, were more badly burned than themselves. One such rescuer died of his burns. The hole in the deck and top side of that destroyer was twelve feet across, yet her commander and crew got her to Norfolk under her own steam. Commander and crew behaved well, but no better than they were expected to behave.—James B. Connolly in Collier's Weekly.

How Norway Finds Sailors.

Norway's navy, being a young service, is built expressly for defense and not defiance. But, though her ships are few, the quality of her men is high, the hardy fishermen of the coast providing an abundance of excellent material, and her officers are chosen and trained with the utmost care. A cadet has to serve at least one year in the merchant service before he can enter the naval college at Horten, and his qualifications before obtaining the rank of sublieutenant must include a thorough knowledge of English, French and German, with ability to speak English and one of the other two languages fluently.

Swimming as an Exercise.

There is no exercise like swimming. The breast stroke builds arm and shoulder breast muscles. The forward thrust and backward sweep are guaranteed to develop those back muscles which cure the scholar's stoop. The scissors kick of the side stroke will do more for the legs than all the gymnasium tricks yet invented. The arduous labor of the trudgen and the crawl compels deep breathing. And when one's wind, grown short in office or chair or over workbench, is spent you turn upon your back and rock, as in a cradle, looking at the sky.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Motor Wheel Rims.

How many automobilists are there who ever remove their rims from the wheels until forced to do so by reason of tire trouble? Very few, is the answer. If they did take the rims off after having run the car for a short time and use a little graphite in between the wheel and the demountable rim they'd find tire changing easier later on. As it is, rims are sometimes so rusted and plastered on that they take an unconscionable time to remove when the need finally does arrive.—Chicago Tribune.

To Cure Scars.

Scars are often very ugly things and disagreeable marks when they exist in prominent places on the skin. Probably nothing can remove a big scar the tissue of which has become fibrous and unyielding, but the following recipe, to be applied on lint and allowed to remain on the part for a little time daily, will effect an improvement in small scars and blemishes: Borax, one and a half ounces; salicylic acid, twelve grains; glycerin, three drams; rosewater, six ounces. Mix.

Have to Be.

"I have been visiting one place, at least, where men are always guarded in their conduct."

"And what might that remarkable place be?"

"The penitentiary."—Baltimore American.

True Politeness.

"Does your wife listen to your advice?"

"Listen? Of course she does. My wife is very polite."—Boston Transcript.

When you meet an obstacle use it as a stepping stone.

A Summer Cruise

It Involved an Adventure

By JAMES BRAINARD

There have been two cases of ships discovered in good condition, but deserted by their crews. One was found on the open sea under sail, the other at anchor on a coast. These two are all that thus far have been recorded.

It remains for me to record a third. I am a gentleman of leisure given to yachting. I am fond of cruising on my yacht either with a party of friends or a single male companion. During the last season I started from the New York Yacht club's dock at New York for a cruise eastward along the coast. I put in at several places on the route—New London, Marblehead, Portland and other ports—for fresh table supplies, then steamed on, intending to enter the St. Lawrence river and visit the Thousand islands.

We met a number of yachts, for it was in the season, and yachtsmen are prone in hot weather to occupy the cooler regions of the northeastern coast. One evening while steaming across one of those beautiful bays that indent the rocky coast of Maine we saw near the shore a steam yacht riding at anchor within a cable's length of the shore.

Alec Wingate was with me on this cruise. Alec was the son of a British baronet and had domestic troubles. He had married the daughter of a colonel in the English army, a very beautiful girl, who, after a couple of years of married life, during which she and her husband had lived very happily together, suddenly disappeared. Whether she had been kidnaped or had gone off with a lover no one could tell. There was no evidence, at least none that any one had ever got hold of, to point in either of these directions. The only other theory was that she had been murdered. Wingate had hunted for her all over the world and had come to America for the purpose. I had met him and, having taken a liking to him, begged him to divert his mind from his loss by going on a cruise with me.

Our course lay near enough to the anchored yacht to enable us to see with glasses what she was—that is, we could have seen any flags, people or other distinguishing marks. But there were neither people nor flags. She was a steamer yacht, but no smoke was being emitted from her stack. Her stern was at one time toward us, and what was my astonishment to see no name on her.

We slowed up, expecting every minute to see some one appear on the deck, but after waiting half an hour without any one appearing it began to look as if either a party had gone ashore from her for some purpose or she had been deserted. The first of these theories was not very likely correct. In the first place, at least one member of the crew would have been left in charge, and, in the second, this was a perfectly wild coast, and there could be no object for any party to go ashore unless for water.

I gave orders to steam up alongside the nameless yacht. The hour was about 7 in the evening, and a fine dinner was set in the cabin. A fire was burning in the galley. Every boat belonging to the yacht was in its place. In the lockers in the after part of the vessel were articles of male and female wearing apparel, the latter indicating that ladies had been aboard.

And here the mystery changes from those sea secrets I have mentioned, or, rather, another mystery is added. Alec Wingate recognized a dress contained in a rosewood locker as one that had belonged to his wife. He at once became wild with varying emotions. There was pleasure at this evidence that his wife at least had been recently alive. There was bitterness lest she might have been living on this yacht with a paramour. There was fear lest, though she had so recently lived, she had met with some misfortune.

To allay this excitement I told Wingate that he might easily be mistaken in the dress. But he said that it was the one in which he had most liked to see his wife arrayed and the only one of her wardrobe that he would surely recognize.

We went through the yacht from stem to stern looking for some explanation of the mystery. Every stateroom, every receptacle was ransacked. The firebox door stood partly open, and I looked in to see if materials had been put in to light a new fire. The old fire was still smoldering. The only thing we discovered was that the yacht had undoubtedly been made in England. And the maker's marks on the finishing and furniture were English. The upholstery had been purchased of a well known upholsterer in London.

Having satisfied ourselves that there was no one aboard, we left "the nameless" and returned to our own vessel. I induced Wingate to sit down to dinner—he would eat nothing—and discuss the matter. He wanted to go ashore the next day and search the coast. This seemed to me a useless expenditure of time. I had come out for a cruise and did not like the prospect of waiting while a search party beat the beach in a desolate country where there was nothing but wild moose or caribou. But Wingate suggested that the party on "the nameless" might have gone ashore for hunting purposes, and I at last consented that the next day he might take three of the crew, go ashore and spend twelve hours in looking for the deserters of the yacht.

But overnight something occurred to render this inadvisable. We set a light on "the nameless" and left one man to watch on our own vessel, which was all that was necessary since we were at anchor in a small bay in good weather. One man watched till eight bells, midnight, when another man took his place. Wingate wished me to put a man on "the nameless," and I did.

At two bells in the morning Wingate, who had slept little during the night, looked out of the porthole in his stateroom for the yacht. Not seeing her and supposing that he was not on the right side to see her, he got up and went on deck. "The nameless" was nowhere to be seen. He came to my room to announce the fact. I asked him what the watch reported about the disappearance, and he said that he had found the man sound asleep.

Putting on a bath robe, I went on deck. The first watch said that "the nameless" was in position when he was relieved, so she must have pulled out during the second watch. I asked if anything was known of the man who had been stationed on her, but was told that he had neither been heard of nor seen since he had been put aboard. He had disappeared with the mysterious vessel.

Among my crew there were several ignorant, superstitious men—sailors of low rating—who were paralyzed with terror. They rushed without orders to pull up the anchor, but I stopped them, though I feared they were going to brain me with capstan bars they had taken up. I didn't propose to take any action till I had received further information and had consulted with my guest, Alec Wingate. One of my men said that during the night he thought he heard the sound of oars.

Wingate was very much agitated over this part of the mystery. Indeed, he seemed more disturbed at the disappearance than he had been at the discovery of the yacht. I suggested that he make a reconnoitering trip ashore, as had been intended, but with a different purpose. He might find traces of people having been there. He followed my advice, but the keenest eye in the party could discover no indications of human beings. For my part, I believed "the nameless" had been taken possession of by shore desperadoes; that they had been in hiding somewhere near by; had gone aboard in the night, surprised the man on watch, killed him and towed the yacht out of our hearing with muffled oars; then they had lighted the fires and steamed away. There was nothing against this theory except the fact of Wingate's having found one of his wife's dresses aboard. But I took no stock in this, for Wingate had suffered so much at her loss that probably his mind had become afflicted and he had himself created the remembrance of this dress.

After consultation with Wingate, whom I told that I would adopt any course he wished, it was determined that we get up the anchor immediately and go out to the open sea with a view to discovering if "the nameless" was in sight. This we did, running directly southeast in a direct line from the coast, but notwithstanding that we had a clean sweep either way and excellent glasses we saw nothing of her. I believed she had got too much start, but nearly all of my crew by this time considered her a phantom.

Nor did we afterward hear anything of her, though we spoke every vessel we met, asking if she had seen her. One vessel described her pretty well, but the yacht observed was the Acadia, with the name painted on her stern. We completed our voyage without any other information.

But the mystery of "the nameless" was destined to be solved. During the winter Wingate got wind of his wife's being in Montreal. He went there and found her.

Though the story of her disappearance was never made entirely clear to me, the mystery of the nameless yacht was explained.

A case in litigation was before the courts which involved English people in high life and the inheritance of one of the most beautiful of the old castles of England. Many people were called as witnesses, and Mrs. Wingate was to have been one of these. This latter fact was unknown to her husband. In order to get her out of the way she had been kidnaped and kept at sea in a yacht.

The lady's kidnaper while on the New England coast saw by a New York social paper that her husband had embarked on a cruise with me. As soon as my yacht appeared his sailing master recognized her. At the time a leak in the boilers was being repaired, and there was no heat in the firebox, so the yacht could not steam away.

The kidnaper, supposing Wingate knew that his wife was on the Acadia and that he was on her track, ordered a paint brush to be run over her name on the stern.

An idea occurred to him. There was at the time no one on board but himself an engineer and his captive. He drugged the captive, carried her into the firebox and got in there with her. The engineer got in also, and the party, two on one side of the door and one on the other, were hidden from view of any one looking straight into the box, especially as there was very little light there. They all stayed in this concealment until we left the yacht and returned there when we put our watch aboard. During the night they surprised, gagged and tied him; then, having cut the cable, the two men got in the dinghy and with muffled oars pulled out of hearing. To get up steam and speed away was the next move. The Acadia, being one of the fastest English yachts, was soon at a safe distance.

A ROAD TO HEALTH

Eat Less and Walk More if You Are Losing All Your Vim.

JUST GIVE NATURE A CHANCE.

That Wonderful Old Doctor Is Always Ready and Willing to Be Your Friend and Will Produce Magical Results if His Laws Are Obeyed.

A man on the shady side of forty thought he was going into a decline. He went to his physician, submitted to a thorough examination and waited the word which was to consign him to the scrap heap.

This is what the doctor, who happened to be a modern physician, told him two or three days later:

"You eat too much, drink too much, sit around too much and walk too little. I am going to put you on a rigid diet, and I want you to walk—walk—walk."

The man who thought he was going into a decline demurred at the doctor's suggestion of a rigid diet. The diet prescribed consisted of milk—only milk—and the man who saw visions of the scrap heap loved his "vittles," but he decided to follow the doctor's orders. He stuck to the rigid diet.

And he made it a practice to walk two miles to the office every morning, rain or shine. The ease with which he acquired a scorn for the street car after a week or two astonished him.

At the end of a week of dieting and walking, this man began to look upon life with different eyes. His work which had been a burden, began to assume an attractive glow. At the end of two weeks, with a modified but still skimpy diet, and more walking, he began to catch himself in the act of running up the stairs instead of dragging himself up by main force. At the end of four weeks of this treatment, without taking a drop of medicine or a single pill, he felt as if ten years had rolled off his shoulders.

The average New York man who works at desk eats too much if he does not drink too much. He sits around too much and walks altogether too little. And what is true of the average New Yorker is true of the average American. Too much food, too much drink and too much sitting around are the unholy trinity of our national debilitation. We are becoming physically flabby and mentally drowsy. We are beginning to nod in the armchair.

Overindulgence has done it—that system of self pampering which Dr. John H. Quale of Cleveland calls "twentieth century habits."

Most of these "twentieth century habits" have to do with the stomach. In some languages a piece of basic philosophy has been crystallized, like a fly in amber, in the homely phrase, "I have the heartache," when stomach ache is meant. That phrase is an unconscious recognition of the fact that the stomach is the center of the human system.

The importance of the stomach has been recognized by the earliest lawgivers and thinkers of the human race. The dietary regulations of the law of Moses were a farsighted attempt to make the food of a historic nation conform to the laws of nature. Legislating for peoples living under conditions similar to those under which the Jews lived, Mohammed, another of the world's great lawgivers, embodied in the Koran a good deal that he found in the Talmud on the subject of eating and drinking.

Moses put the children of Israel on a diet. Mohammed put the Arabs on a diet.

Business and professional America ought to go on a diet and stay there for awhile.

Nature is the greatest of all physicians. Give nature a chance. Don't overload your stomach with too much food. Don't overwork your liver and your kidneys by too much drink, and sometimes very little drink is too much.

Nature is the watchman sitting at the gate. Nature is ready to be up and at the enemy of your life at the first sign of danger. Don't bind and gag the watchman. Give him a chance for his life and yours.

Eat less. Walk more. The results will astonish you.—New York Mail.

Spread the Meat Flavor.

Cold ham, chicken or other meat left over in quantities too small for use alone may be used advantageously by mixture with other foods. Here is a recipe for one way to use such meat.

Chop the meat fine and season it well. Mix in enough butter or other fat to make it "shape" well. Form into rolls about the size of a finger and wrap around each a thin piece of short dough made from a pint of flour, two tablespoonfuls of baking powder, salt and milk enough to mix. Bake the rolls in a hot oven until they are a delicate brown. Serve hot.—New York World.

Feminine Ability.

Whoever it was that remarked woman is a mystery certainly remarked a heaping teaspoonful. We doubt if she herself can explain how it is she can always get something else in a suit case after it is so full it won't hold anything else.—Macon Telegraph.

The Rivals.

"I have just been readin'," quoth Hamlet Fatt, "some startlin' statistics about the earth's capacity."

"Why need you worry about the earth's capacity?" responded Yorick Hamm. "You'll never play to it."—Pittsburgh Post.

The only thing you can afford not to pay is a grudge.

CARE OF THE REEL.

A Few Words of Expert Advice For the Man Behind the Rod.

The life of any reel will be mighty short if it is not given care and attention. The finest machine in the world will not run without oil, yet many fellows will use a reel week after week and not think of feeding it a little soothing sirup until it begins to scrape and rattle like the 5:15. When this stage is reached they will drop a little oil in the cups, but the damage is done through overheated bearings and pinions, and the reel will never again run with freedom from friction and as smoothly as before the rough grind was handed it.

A reel should be cleaned and oiled after each day's fishing. The ordinary thin oil is not sufficient, as no thin oil will last through the different temperatures to which a reel is subjected during a day's casting. Heated by the hot sun and chilled by the night air, as well as drenched with water during the day, make a combination that would eliminate any thin oil. On the other hand, the thick oils soon churn into a creamy paste and hamper and clog the reel so that you think you are losing your speed at the game when your casts slow up. You make no mistake when you invest in a bottle of "real" reel oil, and the best comes from the jawbones and blubber of the porpoise. This oil is refined up in the arctic circle and will stand the ff of any temperature. After you buy the oil, use it. Don't stand it away in the tackle cabinet and forget it.

Oiling the reel is not all that is necessary to keep the little old pleasure producer in good shape. Like the line, the reel should be entirely dried after each day's fishing. Although German silver does not rust, it will corrode, and the main cause for corroding is dampness. Be fair to the reel and dry it thoroughly in the open air or sunlight and drop a little oil in each cup before you tuck it away for the night.

As a final tip on the reel, old man, here's hoping you won't take it apart every once in awhile to see what makes it go. The smooth running qualities of many a fine reel have been ruined by the inquisitive cuss with the itching palm and a screwdriver. Of course you would never think of taking your watch apart and assembling it again. If anything goes bad with the reel, take it down to a reel doctor and let him feel its pulse. This will save you time and money, and for practice at mechanics you can have as much fun tinkering with an old alarm clock as a victim.—From "Lake and Stream Game Fishing," by Dixie Carroll.

RUSSIA'S ICY MARSHES.

The Vast Frozen Desert of the Region of the Tundras.

In the extreme north of Russia, from the White sea to Bering strait, there lies the region of the tundras—waste frozen marshes stretching inland from the sea for from 300 to 1,000 miles. It is often difficult to determine the point separating the land from the sea, for the surface of the ground is frozen some forty feet deep. Even the heat of summer can thaw only about two feet of top soil.

The only possible vegetation consists of moss and a few berry bushes—scant food for the millions of birds and beasts of all kinds that flock northward in July and August to escape their enemy, the hunter. By the end of August, however, the heavy frosts set in, and the tundras become a barren, lifeless desert, covered with snow for hundreds of miles, with never a living speck of any kind on which to rest one's eyes.

To the south of the tundras is the great coniferous forest belt, which stretches from Finland to the Sea of Okhotsk. At its western end, where it is more settled, this is perhaps the most beautiful part of the great Russian plain.

The countryside is dark with the shadows of the fir trees, but frequently shot with the light, lithe trunks of silver birches, says the Geographical Review. The aspect of the land, too, is slightly rolling in parts, and cradled between these slight elevations there are thousands of charming little lakes fringed around with reeds.

Chinese Sausages.

In China sausages are made of meat from the hind thighs of hogs, which are chopped fine, mixed with four drams of sugar, rice wine and table salt, eight drams of soy and a pinch of pepper to every one and one-third pounds and dried in the sun until ready for tinning. Dried oysters and ducks' livers are added to some varieties.

It Would Help.

"My dear, we can't afford to pay $90 a month rent."

"Of course we can't, my dear. I've thought of that. But there's a lovely garage on the back of the lot which we can surely rent for $5 a month, which will help a good deal.—Detroit Free Press.

Presumption Resented.

"Be good," said the philosopher, "and you will be happy."

"Not necessarily," replied the man of sensitive conscience. "If you undertake to be good some envious people are likely to think you are trying to put on airs."—Washington Star.

Classified.

"Mrs. Flubdub wants to borrow some sugar, some eggs and some flour. Evidently she is going to make some sponge cake."

"Sponge cake is right. But why does she sponge entirely on us?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

It is absurd for a man either to commend or depreciate himself.

Advertise in "The Republican"

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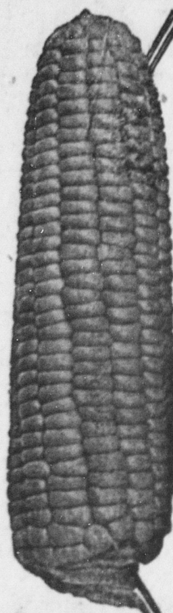

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SEVEN BARKS

It quickly clears the system by its natural tonic action on the bowels, and restores vigor to a weary stomach. Clears the blood and eradicates Uric Acid. Price 50 cents a bottle at all druggists or from the proprietor,

Lyman Brown, 68 Murray St., New York City.

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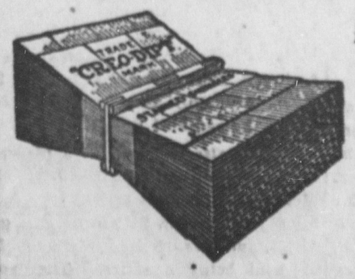

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Here and There.

Kodaks & Supplies at Green's.

J. L. Montgomery and Charles Morris left Weddesday for Chicago on business.

There was no Council meeting Monday night. Some of the councilmen were ill while others were out of town.

Among the callers at George Beezer's garage Monday was Clem Coffman who represents the Studebaker Wagon Co.

W. A. White, of Axe Mann, has purchased the Henry Bartley homestead in Bush Addition, a suburb of Bellefonte.

Saturday Dr. William K. McKinney, pastor of the Presbyterian church, assisted at the funeral of a friend at Norristown.

Miss Ethel Sloteman, of Lock Haven, who had been visiting relatives and friends at Bellefonte, returned to her home last week.

Isaac Miller, of Philadelphia, and his sister, Mrs. Moore, of Tyrone, are visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Miller, near Bellefonte.

Mrs. Blair Yarnell and children, of Snow Shoe, were over Sunday guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William McClelland, on east Lamb street.

H. P. Harris accompanied the Bogle funeral cortege to Milton Monday afternoon where the remains of the late Miss Sarah C. Norris were laid to rest.

Mrs. Victoria Hemlar, who has been a guest at the residence of Mrs. Thomas A. Shoemaker for some time, left Friday afternoon for Ebensburg, Cambria county.

Miss Hester McGinley, stenographer for the Abhramsen Engineering Co., returned Monday afternoon from Pittsburgh where she had been spending her vacation.

Miss Cora Campbell, of Punxsutawney, who spent a week or more in Bellefonte as the guest of her sister, Mrs. James K. Barnhart, left this week for her home.

Mrs. James I. McClure, after spending about two weeks in Renovo as the guest of her son, Lawrence McClure, and wife returned to her home in Bellefonte Friday afternoon.

Bert Gherret, formerly clerk in Mingle's shoe store, Bellefonte, who was sent to Fort Niagara and then up into Vermont is now at Camp Hancock, Augusta, Ga. In a short time he will be sailing for France.

The infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Willard Hartswick is critically ill. The little one was taken ill about two weeks ago while the parents were visiting at Jacksonville. Its condition is such as to hold out slight hope for recovery.

It is altogether probable that C. C. Shuey will lease the Mart Garman property on Curtin street for the winter. This will give him a little extra time to look for a permanent home. He will either build or buy a property in the spring.

Ambrose Sloteman, of Lock Haven, passed through Bellefonte Saturday afternoon on his way home from the brick plants at Port Matilda. At the train he took John Tuten, youngest son of Mrs. Earl Tuten, in charge who accompanied him to that city.

Edgar Zeigler and family, of Juniata, arrived in Bellefonte on Thursday and became the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Zeigler, on Bishop street. Saturday Howard Stroble and family, of Williamsport, came to Bellefonte and also were cordially welcomed at the Zeigler home.

The other day Si Thompson, of Philipsburg, was going up what is known out there as Cold Stream dam hill when his new Maxwell automobile took fire and was completely destroyed. Of course he was going up the dam hill but it is altogether probable he put an "n" to the word dam to make it more emphatic.

Bruce Ishler, whose home is near the Loop, became quite ill last week and was brought to Bellefonte for medical attention and observation. On Saturday a commission appointed by the court examined the young man and recommended that he be taken to the Danville hospital. Sheriff Yarnell accompanied Ishler to Danville on Monday.

One of the pleasant callers at this office Saturday afternoon was P. S Blackford better known as "Percy" Blackford, when he was a little bare-headed youth running around Bellefonte and the only thought in his head was going swimming. He is a plasterer by trade and for some years back he has been a contractor with a nice comfortable home in New Castle, Pa. Most of his business relations are with the large contracting firms, Irish, Wallis & Carley, of Sharon, and Thompson-Starrett Co., of Pittsburgh, and many others of like character. Just now he has the contract for plastering one hundred houses in Woodlawn, twenty miles west of Pittsburgh, and is now bidding for one hundred houses in Sharon. This contract runs up to thousands of dollars. For instance the contract price for one hundred houses is $25,000. It takes ten car loads of lath besides the many car loads of plaster. His friends here will certainly be glad to know of his success. He and his wife and daughter have been dividing their time between friends in Unionville and Bellefonte.

Films developed at Green's.

Frank Dawson spent Sunday with friends in Altoona. His wife has been visiting in that vicinity.

No fellow in Bellefonte should be a "slacker" because be can't be an officer at a large salary.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Rice and two children, of Johnstown, spent Sunday with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harper Rice.

Those who claim to know say there will be a large chestnut crop this year. You won't need to go out of the Bellefonte borough limits for some of them.

Dr. P. H. Dale, of State College, has been appointed Captain in the Medical Reserve Corps and was ordered to the medical officers reserve camp at Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.

Special attention given to treatment of diabetes, Bright's disease, leg sores, bunions, corns, recent or older callus. Edwin S. Dorworth M. D., 22 East High Street, Bellefonte, Pa.

Ex-Judge Shull, of New Bloomfield, father of Mrs. Norman Wright, was a business visitor in Bellefonte Saturday. He is one of the leading barristers in that section of the State.

Mrs. Hamilton Otto, of Niagara Falls, arrived in Bellefonte Monday afternoon to visit friends and relatives. She is a daughter of the late Morris W. Cowdrick who formerly resided in Bellefonte.

Miss Helen Williams, the pleasing stenographer for McCalmont & Co., returned to Bellefonte Monday from her vacation. She had been in Harrisburg visiting her sister, Mrs. Trone Hummell, and other places.

Wednesday morning Mrs. Odellie Mott, of Bellefonte, took three of the children of the late John M. Sourbeck to the St. John's Orphanage at Cresson. It is a very nice place for them and they will receive the best attention.

Edward Haupt and wife are now attending the county fairs raking in the coin by selling trinkets, a business that Mr. Haupt has been interested in for years. When he returns it will be with a smile. Ed is one of the industrious citizens of the town.

Monday the State-Centre Electric Co. made the citizens of Millheim laugh down in their boots when a gang of men commenced digging holes for the poles on which to extend the electrict light line to that borough. They had about given up the idea of getting the fluid this summer but everything looks lovely. The wages being paid is $2.00 a day.

Attorney M. Ward Fleming and his two children, of Philipsburg, John and Mary, were recently in Butler visiting Mrs. Fleming's parents. While there John fell and broke his left arm. The little fellow has visited in Bellefonte quite often at the home of his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson I. Fleming, and his friends here will be sorry to hear of his misfortune.

Mrs. Christ Young and little daughter left Bellefonte Saturday afternoon for Linden Hall for the purpose of taking a little outing at the homes of Mrs. Reuben Page and Mrs. W. T. Noll. On Sunday they were joined by Mr. Young and are spending the week in Pennsvalley. On their return Mr. Young will enter the store of Weaver Bros., as a clerk.

Dr. Coburn Rodgers, Orrie Kline and Jacob Lyon left Monday afternoon as representatives of the Bellefonte Elks at the annual State Convention of Elkdom which is being held this week at Shamokin. There must surely be something going to happen when "Jake" Lyon leaves the town. It must be a sign we are going to knock out the Kaiser. Before he returns he will visit his sister, Mrs. James Scarlet at Danville.

Saturday morning Miss Nancy Hunter, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hunter, returned to Bellefonte after spending the week in Pennsvalley holding community meetings with reference to the vocational school which is about to be established at Spring Mills under her general supervision. She was assisted in the work by Prof. Reitz. The results of these meetings are very encouraging which enables Miss Hunter to enter the work more enthusiastically knowing that she has the backing of the best citizens of the community.

Tuesday our good friend T. B. Budinger, of Snow Shoe, was in Bellefonte and while having his seven passenger 8 cylinder Cadallac touring car looked over at the garage he stopped in at The Republican office and advanced his subscription. In conversation he stated that on account of ill health he has decided to retire from actual business and has recently disposed of his mercantile business in Snow Shoe to his two sons, Arthur B. Budinger and Robert F. Budinger, who will continue the business under the name of T. B. Budinger.

Monday afternoon we were pleased to have a call from Lieut. William Earl Morrison, of York, who had been spending several days in Bellefonte as aguest of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Harbold, Mrs. Harbold being a sister. The young Lieutenant is the son of William Morrison who years ago was a member of the Bellefonte bar and was quite a successful and tactful lawyer. The young man makes a fine soldierly appearance and s 2nd Lieut. in the U. S. Infantry. He was accompanied by Frank Harbold who was formerly one of Bellefonte's business men. Both these young gentlemen left Monday afternoon for York.

Miss Ottie Hughes, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Luther Hughes, left Tuesday afternoon for Pittsburgh to visit among friends.

Rudy Mulholland, of Altoona, spent Sunday in Bellefonte as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Shuey, he being a brother of Mrs. Shuey.

Milon P. Walker, of Bellefonte, who recently went to Washington, D. C., has joined the U. S. Navy and will work with the coast defense Marine Corps.

Saturday Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Undercofler, of Christiana, arrived in Bellefonte and became guests at the home of Mr. Undercofler's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Undercofler.

Arthur Robb and wife of Bradford and "Pete" Miller, of Beaver Falls, are guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Murtorff on Bishop street. Mr. Robb is a brother of Mrs. Murtorff.

William Rice, who had been spending part of the summer with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harper Rice, in this place, left Tuesday afternoon for Philadelphia, where he is employed as a printer.

Tuesday afternoon the Pennsy-Lehigh flyer brought to Bellefonte a car containing twenty one prisoners from the western penitentiry at Pittsburgh. Their destination was the Rockview penitentiary.

Miss Elizabeth Hobert, of Harrisburg, and Miss Mary Shorkley, of Williamsport, who had been guests at the Archibald Allison residence, on Allegheny street, left for their home Tuesday afternoon. Miss Shorkley was accompanied by Miss Kathryn Allison.

J. E. LaBarre moved his household goods to Bellefonte on last Thursday. Instead of bringing them from Scranton on the cars they were loaded on a large automobile truck and brought here in good order and placed in his home in the Gardner house on the corner of Spring and Howard streets.

Frank Clemson, one of Centre county's enterprising citizens, was circulating among his many friends hereSunday and Monday. Besides looking after his large farming interests in Patton township he is engaged in the coal business in Altoona and is also making that branch of his business a great success.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard J. Thompson and family, Mrs. Thompson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. V. U. Spencer, and Mrs. Gust Heverly, of Bellefonte, are now camping in a cottage down along the Juniata river on the other side of Mifflin. They have a nice place and are enjoying the outing to the fullest extent.

Rev. James P. Hughes, who is almost 90 years of age, is now putting in some of his time in his gardens. He has one thousand cabbage plants and about that many tomato plants out and he takes great delight in going every day and watching them grow. If they need his atteption he pulls his coat and goes after them.

Charles Taylor, instructor in plumbing at the Huntingdon Reformatory, is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Taylor, on Spring street. He is here on a vacation and is occupying the time in placing a steam boiler in the cellar of his parents home. He is an experienced mechanic and when the job is done it will be right.

Jesse Derstine, one of the efficient employes at the P. R. R. freight station, Bellefonte, leaves this week for Fort Niagara. He will be examined for the officers reserve corps He is one of Bellefonte's finest of young men who is willing to sacrifice home and position to give a death blow at Kaiserism and all the evil effects that go with it. He is a good scout.

Monday Major General Clements of the Pennsylvania National Guard, which is now in the federal service, left Harrisburg for Camp Hancock at Augusta, Ga., where will have full charge. He was accompanied by Capt. Theodore Davis Boal, of Boalsburg. Capt. Ben Chew Tilghman and W. B. Churchman, of Philadelphia, went with him as aides. Gen. Clement is commander-in chief of the 7th Division Pa., N. G.

Saturday Hard Harris, of Bellefonte, was going up Nittany mountain when a young man along the road acted very unwisely by throwing a beer bottle at the car. It went bang through the windshield and if you never heard a Yankee swearing in dutch you probably would have heard one on this occasion. The matter was fixed up and everything is lovely except some pocketbooks are not so flush as they were before the mishap.

Thomas W. Chapman, accountant of the western penitentiary, left Bellefonte Tuesday morning for Pittsburgh where he joined his wife and baby boy who left for that city Friday. Mr. Chapman is on a vacation of about one week. Besides being in the employ of the state government he devotes his spare time to auditing accounts of private concerns. He is a certified public accountant and anything left in his care will receive the best of attention.

Lieut. James Gladstone Taylor arrived in Bellefonte Sunday direct from the Philippine Islands where he is stationed in Uncle Sam's army. He is here on a ten days furlough and is taking in the present war from the situation as he finds it here. He is a graduate of West Point and a young soldier of considerable ability who stands high in the military circles. His friends were glad to see him. He is a son of Mrs. Anna S. Taylor and a brother of Capt. H. S. and R. B. Taylor.

Maurice J. Kelley, for years the very efficient and faithful operator for the Western Union in Bellefonte, has resigned his position effective September 1st. The company will travel some distance before finding a successor who can size up to Maurice J.

One hundred and six tickets were sold for the special train that left Bellefonte this (Thursday) morning for Jersey Shore where the State Firemen's convention is being held. The Boys' Band of Milesburg will head the local firemen in the parade. The Bellefonte fire laddies will make an effort to bring the convention here next year.

Miss Rose Haupt head operator at the Bell telephone exchange, Bellefonte, is now on her vacation and Tuesday afternoon left for Milton to spend a few days among friends. She is one of the accommodating young ladies who has been sticking close to duty and deserves a rest from the exasperating cares that is always the lot of a "hello girl."

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel O'Leary, of Hopewell, have been visiting in Bellefonte at the home of Mrs. O'Leary's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fall Stover, on Penn street. They have with them their three children two of whom are twins. It seems but a short time since the two little chaps were hauled around in a buggy, now they are almost large enough to take care of themselves. If you want to know how fast time is flying just notice things like the above.

Early Monday morning, about one o'clock, Dr. J. J. Kilpatrick and wife and Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Daggett arrived in Bellefonte from an auto trip of eight days up through New York State and part of New Jersey. The first day's drive was from Bellefonte to Binghamton, N. Y., a distance of 196 miles. They had the finest kind of 'roads and "Doc" gave 'er gas, as is very evident Their objective points were Lake George and Lake Champlain where they fished, took boat rides, bathed and had a fine trip in general. The outing was enjoyed in every respect.

New Candy Specials at Green's.

Earl Taylor, of Bellefonte and Thomas Weber, of State College, left Wednesday afternoon for Camp Niagara. Jesse Derstine and Francis Thomas will follow tomorrow, Friday.

William H. Cunningham, wife and two children, who had been visiting his brother, J. M. Cunningham, and other friends in Bellefonte, left for their home in Beaver Falls Saturday morning. "Henny," as he is known among his friends here, is one of the expert employes at the Standard Scale Works there, an industry which was a creation of Bellefonte and it should have remained here.

Among the Bellefonters who attended the annual Baileyville picnic at Penna. Furnace on Saturday were Dr. J. E. Ward and wife and W. B. Rankin and his daughter, Miss Lillian Rankin. They report having a pleasant and profitable time. The outing was very largely attended by the people of that vicinity and residents of both Huntingdon and Blair counties. The management deserve great credit in the excellent way they handled the affair.

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